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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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Taking literary rank with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be in its peculiar characteristics and varied Departments more thoroughly identified with the people than any other magazine of its class, going into their homes, not only as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct and delight all, from the youngest to the oldest.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

The HOME MAGAZINE is a live magazine, always keeping up with the times.

Its publishers spare no effort to make it better and better every year.

Its serial and shorter stories are from the pens of some of the best writers in the country.

In matters of household economy it meets the varied wants of housekeepers, giving domestic receipts, hints and experiences from the pens of practical housewives.

Its Illustrations of Fashions are practical, and give help, and not bewilderment, to those who wish to know the new and prevailing styles.

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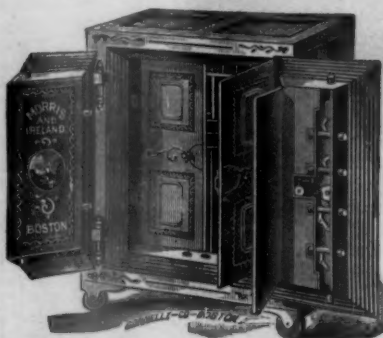
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Nos. 22 and 24 North FOURTH St.,

Philadelphia.

[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.**FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.**

FIGURE NO. 1.—(Consisting of costume No. and central portions. The fronts form short double

7660).—The toilette which this engraving represents is charming for evening or day wear at Summer resorts, or for evening wear or festive occasions at home. It is composed of what might be called "extremes" in material, mull and brocaded velvet being united in its formation. The skirt has a four-gored foundation cut from mull, and trimmed and draped with the same. The gores are overlaid with two sections of mull, each gathered at its lower edge and broadly shirred above as illustrated. After a lace-edged plaiting of mull has been set on at the foot of the skirt, the gathered lower edge of the lower shirred section is sewed over its upper edge, and then the shirred portion is so attached that a loose, falling puff results. The upper section is applied to correspond, and its shirring extends to the belt. The back-drapery consists of two sections, each bordered with lace; and the two are arranged to fall in points near the center.

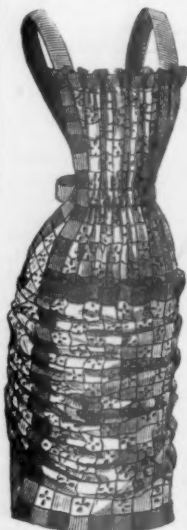
The waist is cut from brocaded velvet of any color preferred, and is fitted by a single bust dart at each

side of the center, under-arm gores and side-back inches, bust measure, and its

points, while the back falls in a coat-tail outline, with an under box-plait to relieve it from perfect plainness. The sleeves are made of mull, shirred lengthwise and then shaped by the model. They are cut of "three-quarters" length, and each is completed by a frill of lace headed by a ruching of the same in a narrower width. The model is provided with a line of perforations by which the waist may be cut or trimmed to form a Pompadour. It is here cut out, and the space is filled in with mull, which is shirred about the throat and has its edges outlined with a ruching of lace. Pearl buttons perform the closing in front.

Satin, either plain or brocaded, will also be used in making the body portion to the costume, when thin fabrics, such as mull, Swiss, etc., are used for the skirt. In French bunting, barege, grenadine, etc., the costume may be all of one material. A handsome illustration of the mode is developed in cream-colored nun's-veiling, with frills of Mirecourt lace for the decorations. The model to the costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 cost is 30 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.**



7662

Front View.

7663

Front View.

7663

Back View.

CHILD'S PINAFORE.

No. 7663.—This model is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. To make the pinafore for a child of 4 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of any material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



7662

Back View.

LADIES'
No. 7662.—For muslins, cambrics, fabric, this design will prove satisfactory for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods either 27

PINAFORE.
lawns, chambrays, or any suitable tory. The pattern is in one size, and or 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



7669

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 7669.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide for a lady of medium size. Price, 25 cents.



7673

Side-Front View.

7666

Front View.

7666

Back View.

7673

Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.
No. 7673.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. A lady of medium size requires 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods and 2 yards of brocade 22 inches wide, or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain and 1 yard of brocade 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

CHILD'S PINAFORE.
No. 7666.—This useful little pattern may be made up in linen, lawn or any variety of washable goods. For a child of 4 years, it requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 36 inches wide. The model is in 6 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 years of age. Price, 15 cents.

**7655***Front View.***7656***Front View.***7656***Back View.***CHILD'S SHIRRED COSTUME.**

No. 7656.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and calls for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, in making the costume of one material for a child of 5 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**7655***Back View.***7657****MISSES'**

No. 7655.—Plain and brocaded material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 11 years, it will require 6 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, together with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of brocaded goods 22

COSTUME.

are here united in this handsome costume. to 15 years of age. For a miss of 11 years, wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, together inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

MISSES' KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS.

No. 7657.—The model to these comfortable drawers is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Of material 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required in making the drawers for a miss of 11 years. Price, 15 cents.

**7675***Front View.***7664***Front View.***7664***Back View.***7675***Back View.***LADIES' DRESSING SACK.**

No. 7675.—This sack model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 7664.—To make this dress for a child of 5 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 48 inches wide. The model is in 9 sizes for children from 1 to 9 years of age, and is suitable for any material. Price, 20 cents.



7671

Front View.

GIRLS'

No. 7671.—This model is to 9 years of age. To make will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.

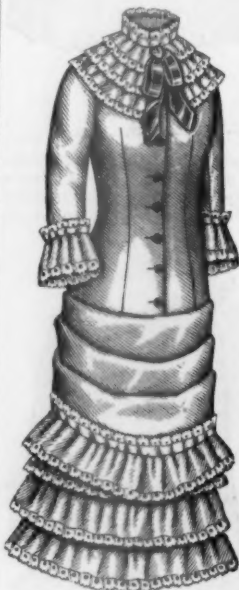


7671

Back View.

COAT.

in 7 sizes for girls from 3 the coat for a girl of 7 years, any goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



7658

Front View.



7665

Front View.



7665

Back View.



7658

Back View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S SHIRRED COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of costume No. 7656, which is shown on page 3. The model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and any size costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a child of 5 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide.

MISSSES' COSTUME.

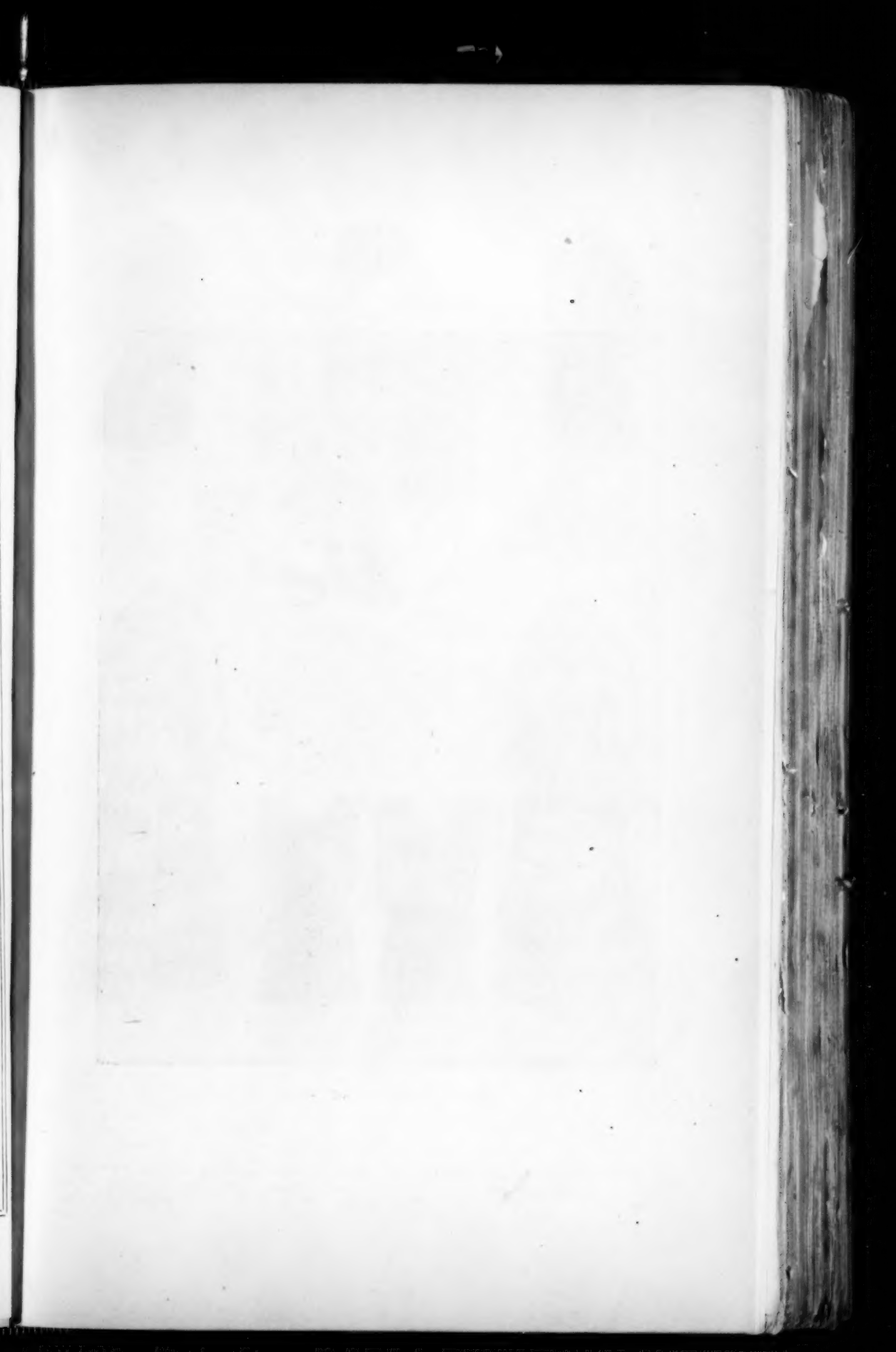
No. 7658.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 11 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any suitable variety of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' PINAFORE.

No. 7665.—Lawn, linen, cambric, Swiss, print or any fabric used for aprons may be prettily developed by this model, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the pinafore for a girl of 6 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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"THE FORBIDDEN BOOK."—Page 351.

To be
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

No. 9.



TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and yellow fruitfulness:
Close bosom friend of the maturing corn,
Inspiring with him how to load and blow
The vines that round the thatch-eaves
run—

To bend with apples the moss'd apple-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—

VOL. XLIX.—31.

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel;—to set budding more,
And still more, leave flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm summer days will never
cease,

For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells.

(493)



"THE FORBIDDEN BOOK."—Page 441.

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v

To

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TO AUTUMN.

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cells.

(493)

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
 hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are
 they?

Think not of them--thou hast thy music, too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
 bourn;

Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

MY NEIGHBORS.

SOME one has put the word "Home" in a golden chain of five of the sweetest words in the English language. Surely few others embody so much tender sacredness. Woven in and out of the melodious sound are threads of golden mesh and wondrous texture. Typical of the highest and best that earth can give, it also symbolizes our dream of Heaven.

Here we may shut and lock the door upon all the world, and lose the key awhile; here drop our cloaks of seeming and be what we are; here love and be loved; here find the holiest of earth's relations; here we have sat at "mother's" knee, and felt her gentle touch upon our bowed heads; here played in childish glee, and knelt in solemn prayer, reeking not of the world's heartless comments; here have we set up our household gods with the chosen of our youth; here clasped our first-born, and here, in an ecstasy of grief, yielded up our treasures unto Heaven.

It is for the keepers of home to stimulate the finest activities within its walls; to ennoble, adorn and enrich these nurseries of humanity—these green gardens along the arid pathway of life; to raise the standard of excellence and culture in all that pertains to the practical; to learn to "do things decently and in order." An old, quaint book, rich in magic lore of courtesy and grace, gives for our motto the golden text, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are of good report—*think on these things.*"

When we hear parents deplore that their children have acquired bad habits, or are lacking in virtues that brighten the hearth or gladden the heart, we are inclined to think that the character and habits of either father or mother will bear investigating. Either hereditary traits have sprung to life in the child, or else habits are contracted by neglect or undue severity on the part of the parents.

A father and mother will often indulge themselves in practices for which they will punish their children, or by lack of sympathy with their needs, desires and struggles, drive them into the very faults which they deplore.

Over the way lives a neighbor who has, in my idea, a model home. I do not mean by this a handsome front, or terraced lawn, or richly-furnished house—by no means. Indeed, I have known the sweet mistress of that home to sigh softly that her house was not a little more spacious, just for her children's sakes. But the brown rafters are mellowed with love and content, and there is room within for troupes of happy fairies, who have somehow made a place not only for every birdling nestling in the nest, but there is always a niche for the lonely and homeless wanderer.

Where these fairies of many-fingered graces take up their abode, the children of that household are fully persuaded that

"The dearest spot on earth
 Is home, sweet home!"

And well they may, for the foundation-stone of such a home is laid in unselfishness, and the altar at the hearth consecrated far more to the prerogative of character, to the culture and development of bodies and souls, than to the accumulation of wealth or any mere selfish principle.

My neighbors over the way laid the corner-stone of *their* home on this plan, and so it has come to pass that they are the happy possessors of an uncommonly interesting family, ranging in years from two to twenty—a joy and credit to their friends.

Some of the habits and customs of these parents are slightly peculiar. They never seem too hurried or care-worn to attend to the wants of a little one; to answer the many questions of a thoughtful child; to listen with hearty interest to the confidences, hopes and struggles of the growing son or daughter. They are never too busy to remember the birthdays, but each one planned for and celebrated, in the way most pleasing to each, and always made an occasion for tender discussion of plans relative to the future desires and duties of that child.

Nothing is ever allowed to prevent the joyful

celebration of holidays, and often many sacrifices are made to render the day a red-letter day in the calendar. Last Thanksgiving the mother said to me: "I feel so tired out this fall, it seems as if I could not make the usual preparations; but I would not disappoint our children for the world. I want their memory of home and 'mother' to be without one blot. I shall have strength somehow."

"Blessed little mother!" thought I. Who can wonder that your boys worship you, or that "Charley" stoutly affirms that he "wouldn't leave mother for all the wives in America;" and "Roy," the eldest, "when my time comes, hope I shall find some one *just like my mother!*"

I have noticed that these boys fare as well in every respect as their sisters. They are not turned off with the back room of the house, unfurnished and comfortless, that the girls may have the nick-knacks. No indeed! Nor are they dressed in outgrown, shabby suits, of which their sisters are ashamed when guests are in the house. Their clothes, if plain, are made *to fit*, and not allowed to gall the sensitive, growing lads into awkward uncouthness by being "a mile too large," or so small as to force arms and legs to feel as if they would be glad to hide.

A long time ago these excellent parents came to the wise conclusion that it is of comparatively little consequence about the chamber which an occasional guest would occupy, but of serious moment in the present comfort and future well-being of the boys what is given to them.

The father says: "My boys shall have the *best* that the house affords; their tastes shall be consulted, their self-respect educated and their wholesome pride indulged. By this means I shall keep them from bad habits, low tastes, and make noble men of them. For this reason I have furnished their room the best in the house, where they are at liberty to bring their friends, pursue their studies, business and plays, and where at last they may sink to sleep, as grateful, good-natured lads as a father's heart could ask. Do you think they would smoke, or chew, or spit in that room? Or wear their coarse, muddy boots up the stairs? No indeed. And they have not the slightest desire to go down town of an evening. I tell you it was the best investment we ever made when we put two hundred dollars into the furniture of that room.

"Last winter I encouraged and helped the lads to make and stain a book-case and cabinet, after the style recommended by Clarence Cook, in *Scribner's Magazine*, and now they are vying with each other and their sisters, which shall save the most from their pocket-allowance for books—for the girls have one also, of course. My boys and girls share equally always, as to dress, education and personal favors; and it is delightful to see

how this course produces the most generous rivalry and unselfishness between them. As our children are all taught to be gentle and courteous to each other on *all* occasions, there is no difficulty when guests are present. Wife and I have talked over this matter a great deal, and have made up our minds that when parents treat their children as *they would be done by*, there is no fear of their growing up ungoverned, disagreeable or vicious. By an utter disregard of the '*golden rule*,' many a man has driven his children into ways of folly and ruin."

"It is true, every word of it," thought I. How many a nature, rich in fine possibilities, falls out of the way for want of commendation, appreciation of the child-nature and remembrance of one's own early struggles and aspirations.

I have observed that our neighbor has been very careful not to force his children to pursue those studies or trades which seem entirely antagonistic to their tastes or desires. For example, he *did* want to make a farmer of his eldest son, but the boy is so set against it, and has such an evident taste for "*mechanics*," that the father sighs softly and puts away his hope, earnestly directing his boy's studies in architecture, civil engineering, etc., and thus will aid him in becoming a prosperous and happy man. Then there is "Charley," the second son, full of scholarly tastes, whom his mother has hoped would make a lawyer some day, like her own dear father; but the thoughtful, earnest lad can never be anything but a preacher, and the father says, "Don't let us thwart nature, wife, but help him on."

But "Dick," who has been studying book-keeping and clerking in his uncle's store awhile, came home last Christmas, to say, "Father, here's your farmer; you can't make water run up hill, and no more can you make a merchant of me. Give me the plow and the reaper, with the horses and sheep, and I'll be good for something."

The father laughs, and pats Dick on the head, with a hearty: "I'm glad of it, my son," and the boy is started on the right track.

As to "Willie," the youngest of the lads, it is plain to be seen that the mother will have her "lawyer" in him, and that it would be sheer folly to force *him* into a work shop or to mind the plow.

Our neighbor is a genuine musician, and has been very anxious that his daughters should have excellent opportunities for learning music. But it so happens that only one of them develops any taste for it; so he has wisely determined that she alone shall cultivate it. She is richly repaying the outlay of her parents in this respect, and will most certainly be heard from in the musical world, by and by; while the eldest daughter has such a thirst for knowledge, and is withal such a born nurse, that her father is giving her a college

course, with a view to the study of medicine. Then there is the second daughter, who has such a mania for housekeeping, that she will naturally fall into line as "mother's helper" and mistress of ceremonies, till some manly heart woos her to preside over another home.

Now while these children are growing up to be the joy of parental hearts, and fitting to be honored members of society, is it not easy to see how different it all might be, if parental authority had forced this childish individuality of taste and desire into channels for which nature had given no fitness. Is not here a lesson, rife with meaning and rich in possibilities, for many an anxious parent? Con it well, dear reader, if you are blessed with a boy or girl at your knee. You can, perhaps, give a bias to their characteristics and tastes, but you cannot *create* them nor force them. Do not let your little ones think you a stern, unyielding law-giver, but a tender, judicious and sympathizing friend and counselor. Don't let years of care, and toil, and trouble, make you forget how you felt when you was a boy, and sometimes thought your father and mother unjust or "set in their way." If your boys hates the farm, try and find out what he is best fitted for, and help him toward his goal somehow. If you cannot drill mathematics into him, try chemistry, history or language. He'll make his mark in this way. If your girl has a longing for study, or music, or business, or trade, try by all means to gratify her. If you are poor, and have to strain to do it, it will pay ten per cent. better than to keep her in the kitchen, and prevent her from running wild, or reckless, or marrying the first man that offers.

Above all things, make you home just as delightful and comfortable as possible, if you would keep you children from bad habits, evil companions and ways that are dark. If you do not, and will not—if you never consult your children's desires and native peculiarities, but go your own unbending, selfish way, because you have "a right to do as you please with your own," you may expect your own flesh and blood to bring you to grief. It were better for such a man that he went childless to his grave.

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

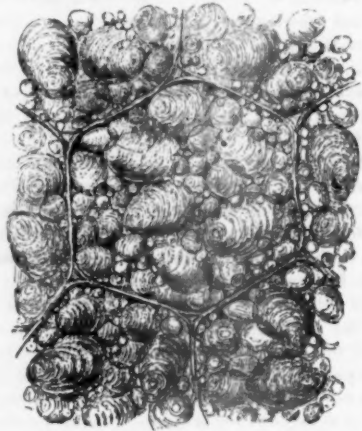
THE TWO WAYS.—When we pick a person to pieces, expose his follies, criticize his manners, question his motives and condemn his actions, we are making, not the best, but the worst of him. If, on the contrary, we search for his good points and bring them to the front, if we make all allowance for his faults and errors, and withdraw them as much as possible from the notice of others, we are making the best of him, both in appearance and reality. In shielding his reputation we are preserving for him the respect of others, which goes far toward promoting his own self-respect.

TABLE CHEMISTRY.

FOOD may be divided into two classes—*flesh-formers* and *heat-givers*, the former of which are nitrogenous, while the latter contain excess of carbon and hydrogen. In these two classes, we find the following principles:

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. Flesh-formers. | { Albumen,
Fibrine,
Caseine. |
| 2. Heat-givers. | { Starch,
Sugar,
Oily Substances. |

Albumen is the most important of the flesh forming elements, and is that part of food upon which nutrition mainly depends. It is composed of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, in addition to two per cent. of sulphur. Albumen is found in almost every fluid of the body, and also in many of the solids. Being so necessary, then,



GRANULES OF POTATO STARCH. (*Magnified*).

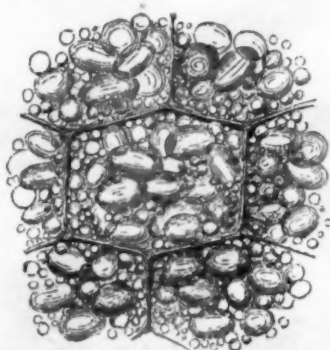
to the proper repair of waste tissues, we must inevitably starve if deprived of it, no matter how liberally we may partake of starch, sugar or fat. We see albumen in nearly a pure state in the white of an egg—so we need not be surprised to learn how exceedingly nutritious eggs are as an article of diet. In fact, two boiled eggs may give us more solid nourishment than may be obtained from seven or eight ounces of cooked meat.

Fibrine is the flesh-forming element in meat and fish, and is almost identical with albumen. *Gluten*, the nutritive principle of seeds and grains, is similar to both, all, in fact, being but a modification of the same substance. That bread is most wholesome which contains the greatest amount of gluten, which is present mainly in the outside, or hulls, of the grain. Brown bread, therefore, is very much more nutritious than white bread, as in the latter case, the flour consists mostly of starch, the gluten having been thrown away in the bran.

Furthermore, the prejudice in favor of white bread, gives the baker a chance to adulterate and whiten poor flour with alum.

The amount of gluten varies in different bread-stuffs, oatmeal, perhaps, containing the most.

Cuscine is the nutritive element of milk; or, it is the curd, as seen in sour milk or cheese. Milk is of nearly the same composition as the blood, and, therefore, one of the most nourishing substances known.



GRANULES OF WHEAT STARCH. (*Magnified*).

Eggs, bran and milk, then, may be taken as the best examples of the three divisions of flesh-formers. The elements characterizing them, however, may be found, in various degrees, in many other productions of nature. Thus, in leguminous vegetables, such as peas and beans, a nutritive principle exists, similar to albumen or gluten.

So we have considered the materials which go to make up the substance of our bodies. But these alone are not sufficient. Without heat-givers, our functions could not be properly performed. Moreover, we need something besides mere nutriment—a certain *bulk* is an important consideration in the selection of our food.

Starch is the most valuable of the second division of foods, the heat-givers. This substance is widely distributed in nature, forming three-fourths of the weight of fine wheaten flour, and existing in still greater abundance in sago, arrow-root, tapioca, semolina and cassava. It is equally prominent in seeds, fruits, vegetables, nuts, and especially in those fruits which take the place of bread in warm countries—such as bananas and bread-fruit. The instinct of man, in all climes capable of sustaining vegetation, has been, from the earliest ages, to cultivate cereals and depend upon starch-foods as the “staff of life.” Bread of all kinds truly does act as a sustainer of life, by its tendency to give heat, and so develop vital energy. In this, it resembles fat.

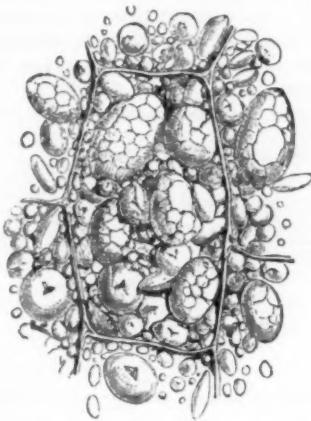
Starch, be it remembered, is not nutritive alone. In fact, any starch-producer may be taken as the least nutritious in proportion as it contains most

starch. Thus, rice gives twelve ounces of starch to a pound; but, taken by itself, it would require many pounds to satisfy one's hunger. The laborers of Asia need to consume enormous quantities of rice—and rice, used on our own tables, must be accompanied by plenty of milk and eggs in order to give us the aliment which we require.

We may remark, in passing, that the microscope has brought to light many interesting facts in this department, as in others. We have before us now representations of the different sizes and shapes of the granules of various starches.

Throughout nature is carried on very extensively the process of converting starch into sugar. This chemical change is going on in every germinating seed, in every ripening fruit, in every developing tuber. We find sugar in stalks, such as corn and sugar-cane; in roots, as the beet and the sweet-potato; in vegetable liquids, as the milk of the cocoanut; in flowers, as in all fragrant blossoms; and in fruits, as in pomes, drupes and berries of every variety. This process also goes on in the animal kingdom, of which our own digestion is a prominent example.

The great prevalence of sugar everywhere is a sufficient indication of its physiological importance. It is found in the liver and muscles, and in milk and other secretions; and so, being an ever-present element in our bodies, needs to be continually replenished. Such a need is easy of fulfillment, for there is hardly a dish brought to



GRANULES OF MAIZE STARCH. (*Magnified*).

the table which does not contain more or less of it naturally, though in an unrecognizable form. Besides this, sugar facilitates the function of respiration by increasing the exhalation of carbonic acid—which, however, is true of all heat-givers to a certain extent. As in the case of starch, there seems always to have been an instinct among mankind in favor of the use of sugar. So the universal craving of children for this substance is not mere

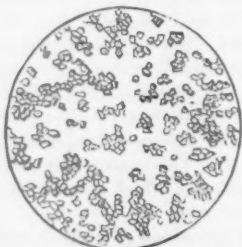
caprice, but a natural law, founded upon their rapidly-developing systems. The idea that sugar causes the teeth to decay is without foundation; any substance will spoil the teeth if allowed to adhere to them.

There are several kinds of sugar found in nature—among these are cane-sugar, or the sugar of cane and corn; grape-sugar, or the sugar of fruits; and milk-sugar, that derived from milk. The first of these is the usual sugar of commerce; the second that generally in use by confectioners. Sugars differ from each other mostly in solubility, sweetness and crystallization.

We next come to *Oleaginous substances*. Fat and

with the oxygen within the body, causes the evolution of caloric. In every one hundred pounds of fat there are seventy-seven pounds of carbon.

Fats are composed principally of two elements, *stearine* and *oleine*, the former being most abundant in solid fats, the latter in oils. A pound of



GRANULES OF RICE STARCH. (Magnified.)

oil are compounds of considerable physiological importance. Fat ought to be found in nearly every part of the body, if nutrition has been properly performed. It gives shape to the different organs, it acts as a reservoir of heat, and a lubricator of the various joints. Fatty substances are also found in most vegetable products, so that it may easily form part of the greater portion of our food.

In the case of fat, the instinct of mankind is as



GRANULES OF SAGO STARCH. (Magnified.)

strongly marked as in that of starch and sugar. Especially is this true in cold countries, where the great whale and other cetaceous creatures are found in abundance. It is not gluttony which induces the Esquimaux to consume such enormous quantities of blubber. We may know this when we remember that in Arctic latitudes the temperature is often as low as forty degrees below zero, while the heat of the human body must always be maintained at ninety-eight degrees. All heat-givers contain an excess of carbon, which, by its union



BRANCH OF THE COFFEE TREE.

mutton-suet contains about three-quarters of a pound of stearine, while the same weight of olive-oil contains only a quarter of a pound.

Coffee and tea are usually regarded as luxuries rather than necessities. Still, they merit a notice, on account of a distinct chemical property which they contain. This is called *caffeine* in coffee, and *theine* in tea, although they are proved to be the same substance. Coffee and tea differ mostly because in tea there is about one per cent. more of the active principle. There is another plant known to science as containing this same element, and that is *Maté*, or Paraguay tea, extensively used in South America. If the instincts of mankind, of which we have frequently spoken, are entitled to respect in any case, they should also be in this—for it is a remarkable fact that from early ages the people of China and Japan used tea; of Western Asia and part of Africa, coffee; and of South America, maté; while having no knowledge of each other, or of any other plant containing the desired element than the one used by themselves. It is also remarkable that we have no record of any other plants than these

three as answering the purpose to which they are applied. So we need not be surprised to have the opinions of eminent chemists that the use of tea and coffee actually supply a need of the human system. By their richness in nitrogen, they may furnish all of this principle necessary to the vital functions. Especially may this be true in the case of persons who eat small quantities of bread and meat.

A knowledge of these simple principles of table chemistry may be of value to us in the proper selection of our food. Ignorance of them may put us in the familiar condition of being poor in the midst of abundance. We may, for instance, eat too much starch and not enough albumen, and so accumulate heat at the expense of flesh, and *vice versa*. There is little doubt that the spread of physiological truths would add very much to the length of our days, and to our well-being and happiness.

H.

LOVE.

"THERE'S nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."
So sang the poet; but I hold
There's something sweeter, dearer far;
A greater light, as firefly flash
To steady radiance of a star.

Young love is sweet, and fresh, and fair,
As dainty bud of early rose;
But full of glowing, quivering life
The perfect flower that later blows.

The worth of tenderness is learned
At cost of bitter years of pain;
The heart's deep longing only finds,
In late fruition, richest gain.

Blessed is she that patient waits
The tardy coming of her king;
If waiting years be given to dress
Her soul in meet appareling.

And blessed be the king that comes
And finds her meet to be his queen;
They mourn not for the vanished years—
The waiting years that lay between—

That taught the man his utter need
Of woman's soul to cheer and bless;
And woman, through her loneliness,
The blessedness of tenderness.

Ah, love! dear love! I count the pain
Of long years as it had not been,
Save as it made me worthier,
The dear, sweet heart that took me in.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

THE VIOLONCELLO'S NEXT ENGAGEMENT.

THE glories of the entertainment have faded, down goes gas, out scramble audience. It is the last night of the season; and the band, sorrowfully, gloomily every one, from the big drum down to the piccolo, are playing the national anthem over said season's grave to give it decent burial. Even the first fiddle feels out of sorts. The bassoon has a tear-drop trembling on his left eye-lash, and lets it hang there, unsuspecting of the fact that all the while it glistens visibly in a tiny ray from the footlight. As for the violoncello next him—that cliff-browed, set-faced, hoary-headed old veteran of a score or two of pantomimes, surely this particular pantomime's death grieves him but little. Why should it—whilst he can twine his bony left arm around that old violoncello's neck as if it lived and loved him; when he can bend his gray head to its strings and hear the sweet pathos of their tones; when he can pass his long, skinny, musician's fingers fondly over them to draw forth rich, soothing, swelling, falling, beautiful melody? Why should there be a quavering lip and a trembling eyelash when the last chord comes?

The chord is struck and over. Out of the orchestra and already on his way home is the first violin; the cornet has brought up the rear with a cadenza *morando*; the big drum has closed his last roll; the second violin has packed up his fiddle-case; bassoon and violoncello remain alone with the dying lights in the hall.

"Dick!" said the bassoon, quietly.

Poor old white-faced violoncello never heeded. The left arm in its rusty sleeve still clasped the instrument's neck in that loving way; the old gray head bent down over the strings, with the eyes closed.

"Poor old chap!" observed the bassoon, pityingly, as he turned up his coat-collar and tucked his instrument case under his arm. "Blowed if he ain't a-playin' now!"

"Dick—Dick!" he repeated, tapping the old violoncello good-naturedly on the shoulder. The old man opened his eyes and awoke to the silence.

"Hallo, Tom Hornby! What—all gone? I thought"—he looked around him in disappointed inquiry, and spoke in a tone of sadness—"I thought he repeated that second strain. Well, well! How deaf I'm getting, to be sure!"

The rusty black coat heaved with a sigh as its wearer rose and shut his music.

"All gone but you, Tom?" he said, sorrowfully. "Well, I won't deny I thought they might ha' wished me 'good-night,' or 'good-bye,' or something of the sort, for the last night; but I won't grumble. An old fellow who's as deaf as a post and has nobody to mind him ain't no place in an

orchestra. He'd better get out of the road as quick as he can, and make no fuss about it. Friends ain't in his line."

"Now come, Dick, old man," expostulated the bassoon, "don't go for to speak like that. You knows there's one chap as is sorry for you—dash my hide if he ain't! Yes, says I, Dick; count me as your friend whenever you like. There's a bed for you and the same fare as I has myself whenever you like to claim 'em; and if we can't find you another 'sit' somewheres directly, it's a pity. Blow me, it's a pity!"

"Tom Hornby, you're a good-hearted fellow,"

"Good-night, Tom Hornby; God bless you!"

Again they shook hands; then bassoon whistled off into the hurrying crowd at the stage-door, and violoncello turned to face the wind the other way. Out into the bleak street, where tiny yellow rush-lights of lamps cast a melancholy glimmer or two upon crowds of hurrying faces, some fat and round, some red and well-favored, some blue and ill-favored; all hurrying along through the little snow-dots which the wind blew about. Old violoncello buttoned his rusty coat close, and turned up the collar, as if the wind might find that an obstacle in its attacks upon his scraggy old throat



"POOR OLD CHAP! BLOWED IF HE AIN'T A-PLAYIN' NOW!"—p. 499.

returned the violoncello, gratefully, as his stolid face relaxed a little before the bassoon's genial smile. "A useless, old, worn-out blessing like mine ain't much to give anybody," he continued, "but such as it is, Tom, take it for your kindness; and may you never have such a black world before you as I've got now."

They shook hands; the bassoon stepped through the little narrow door beneath the stage; and his companion, bearing his unwieldy violoncello, extinguished the last gas-jet as he followed him.

"Good-night, Dick; and don't be down-hearted, old man. Your next engagement 'll make amends."

whilst he hugged that dingy big fiddle of his tight against his body, and settling his eyes straight before him, dragged his trembling knees in the direction they pointed. Up one street and down another; along a wide white road, lined with tall white mansions; down a narrow, wriggling, dark alley, lined with rickety lodging-houses. On he trudged through the gray pulpy mud of trampled snow.

On and on to that dreary blank of future which lay before him, the old lack-lustre eyes fixed in that straightforward look of despair, the cold loneliness steadily settling down upon his aged heart to brood there. For the season was over, and old

violoncello had struck his last chord at the hall.

"You see, Dobbs," the leader of the orchestra had said, "now the full season's over, it's unreasonable to expect the management to keep up such a band; so, much as it goes against me to say it, we must part."

"Quite right," had chimed in the manager with the ferocious mustache. "Establishment expenses must be cut down, my man; everybody can't stop on; so there you are! Might as well ask me to keep extra bandmen out of my own salary!"

So old violoncello struck his last chord, and went with a leaden heart. Good-hearted Tom Hornby comforted him with hopes of that next engagement. But who would have him—poor, old, worn-out, deaf as he was? Nobody, he said. And his

hugged it as he might a favorite child; then he bent his head once more upon the little table, and his bow slipped to the floor from the numbed fingers which clasped it.

Lower and lower burned the candle, whilst outside, upon the bars of the window-panes, white snow gathered higher and higher as the flakes kept falling.

When the blanched face was again upturned, the eyes were moistened.

"So we've come to it at last, have we, old fiddle!" the old man moaned in apostrophe of his loved violoncello, as he stooped to pick up the bow. "We're old now, both of us; we're no use now! You're patched and cracked, and your master's deaf—they don't want a pair like us nowadays. We're ready almost for our last en-



"OLD VIOLONCELLO HAD GONE TO HIS LAST ENGAGEMENT."—p. 502.

heart sank like a lump of cold lead as he thought of that answer.

The pulpy slush changed to white, untrodden snow upon the path; the streets were quieter and darker. Old violoncello reached his humble lodging, admitted himself by his latch-key, climbed the three flights of rickety stairs. In the tiny garret at the top of them was a fireless grate, a square white bed, a table, a chair and a window—one broken pane of which was stopped with brown paper. As he lighted his two inches of lean candle and showed these, the old man sat down upon the chair and bent his gray head upon the table. No tear was in his eyes when he lifted them. He drew his violoncello closer to him; he

gagement. Yes, old fiddle, you've been a good servant to your old master, and you could do something, too, in your day; but not much longer—not very much longer. We're old now; they can do without us."

A tear dropped upon the finger-board, and the old man wiped it carefully off with his coat-sleeve.

"Yes, old friend," he continued, gazing affectionately on his battered companion of wood and strings, "we've been friends for long, but we're coming to our last engagement."

Whilst the snowflakes fell thicker and thicker against the window, softly and noiselessly, the old man drew his bow across the strings of the violoncello in a half-unconscious way, bending down

his head to the instrument just as he always did. Though his ears were deaf to aught else, they never failed to drink in the tones which sprang from those vibrating cords. Slowly, weirdly, pathetically, the music rose and fell in gentle ripples around the room, so hushed and low that it awakened no echoes in the silent house. Only in that poor chamber would it wander; only around that poor old couple, instrument and player, would its sweet melody float. As he played, the old man's eyes gently closed, and from his face the lines of settled despair gradually cleared away, till only a happy smile was left beaming around wrinkles. The player's thoughts were far away; to him the cold room and the snowy window were become as nought. Back in the little garden of fifty years ago, in the arbor scented by the pinks and roses, with the dark velvet pansies clustering the little plot at his feet, he was listening again to that same old tune as he heard it first, when the wife, long dead, sang the words, and he played the air upon that well-remembered violin. He could hear her voice; he could smell the roses' perfume. Surely it was that same violin he was playing now! From his closed eyes, down the white cheeks, tears dropped warm and fast upon the strings of the violoncello. He heeded them not; his thoughts were far away.

So the tune rose and fell, and the snow gathered thicker and thicker on the window-panes, till the candle on the little table flickered out. Yet the arm in the rusty sleeve did not weary in its slow, regular motion; the cold fingers still pressed the strings; the player did not awake to the darkness of the room.

"We're old now," he murmured; "they don't want us any longer."

His eyes were still shut; but the tune waxed slower, and slower, and slower, till it died altogether. The bow slipped from the old man's fingers; the gray head sank upon the table; the violoncello rested soundless against the breast of the rusty black coat.

When the morning came, and bright sun-rays struggled through the snow-blocked window-panes, they shone upon a tiny table, a square white bed, a fireless grate, a patched and dingy old violoncello. But the bow had fallen upon the floor, and the player's nerveless fingers hung white and stiffened upon the strings.

Old Violoncello had gone to his last engagement.

THE duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or accustom ourselves to look upon the dark side of things. No sense of the solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour and unhappy temper.

TIMOTHY'S WELCOME.

THE air was heavy with the sweetness of roses, and limes, and fresh-mown hay, and merry voices rose loud and clear in the still air, as girls and boys, and men and maidens tossed the fresh-mown crop at one another, and a lark joined his bright treble to the sound, rising far above them into the blue sky. The laborers had just been eating their simple dinner beneath two huge elms in the meadow. They had been cutting, and were most of them returning to their work, but two young men were lying on the soft turf smoking their pipes and talking earnestly together. One was married, the other was not; he had a lodging in the village street with an old widow woman, the quaintest old soul ever known, who persisted in wearing the dress which was the fashion of her grandmother, and whose chief conversation was praising the "old times" and abusing the new. But Fred Gowan was an oddity himself, and he and his landlady got on together famously. Timothy, his brother, was a married man with a "family," consisting of one benny, healthy, restless boy, some eight months old. He, Timothy, was very young, so young that his elder brother had been as cross as his excellent temper would permit him to be at his marriage, telling him he would live to rue it; that he would have a dozen children to keep before he was "a man," uttering the last words with a contemptuous laugh. But his bright young bride, two years still younger than himself, cheered him with her hopeful nature, and told him she was sure that God never sent mouths without bread to put in them, and that youth was the time to work, and when they were old the children would work for them.

He repeated her cheering words to Fred, but Fred only shook his head and said: "Have your own way; we shall see who's right."

"Well, Fred," said Timothy, "I do like a woman about a house. If we'd had a sister, or mother had lived, it would have been different. I seem to want a kind of a welcome home when I comes in from work."

And so Margaret and he were married about a month after her eighteenth birthday, and Timothy was twenty. A young couple to begin life in its most serious form; but they were brave, and fearless, and full of hope, and no happier face was to be seen in the village than Timothy Egan's new-made wife.

"Ah, she's give herself plenty o' time to repent!" said one dirty, draggled old woman, with one miserable, sickly-looking baby in her arms, another a year older hanging to her skirts. "Wait till she gets a sight o' little 'uns to look after, she'll wish then she hadn't a been in such a hurry."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the neighbor to

whom she spoke. "I think the children bring comfort and love. I know mine do, bless 'em."

"Well, of course we don't want to part with them when we've got them; but they're careful comfort, and no mistake."

But Margaret had no fears when her first bonny boy was placed in her arms—all was joy and gladness in her happy, hopeful heart—and the pleasure of showing that wonderful baby to Timothy was beyond words to express—worth any trouble to own such a treasure—*our* baby.

"What are we to call him, Timothy?" asked the happy little mother.

"Minikin, I think, for such a wee minikin it would be just the thing," he answered, surveying the tiny atom he was holding so tenderly in his arms.

"Oh, dear, we cannot *christen* him such a funny name as that."

"Well, you can call him what you like; but I shall call him Minikin; so there's an end of that, little woman!" and so the child was christened Jack by his mother's wish, and was called "Minikin" by his father.

As soon as Margaret was down-stairs again, "Uncle" Fred was invited to tea to inspect his nephew. He was obliged to confess that he was a "good specimen," but said he quite agreed with one of the neighbors, who had exclaimed, when she heard the news: "Poor things, their troubles are beginning."

"Why, Fred, it is downright wicked of you to abuse children, when the Bible tells us that they are blessings, and that the man is happy that has his quiver full," said Margaret, feeling quite inclined to quarrel with Fred.

"Ah, my lass?" he answered, "that was in the days when the world was not so full as it is now," laughed Fred. "However, enjoy your baby now—he won't cost much for the next twelvemonth. And when your quiver is full I shall see how you like it."

When he was gone, and Margaret sat working by the child's cot, waiting for Timothy, who had walked home with Fred, she thought over her talk with him, and began to feel, sitting there alone, inclined to look for the first time with apprehension at the prospect of an increasing family, and as she sat thus thinking she pictured Timothy coming home to find her dirty, tired and cross, the children crying, no supper laid; what would he say and do? She had never seen him angry—always singing and laughing—she should be frightened if he were to scold her; and at the thought of it tears filled her eyes. Hark! his step, his voice outside! She hastily dashed away the tears and flew to let him in, and all her imaginary sorrow flew away. The next afternoon she was seated with her work beside her, but, truth to say, not doing it just at the moment, but looking with

loving eyes at the baby, whom she had put down in his cot to sleep, but which he did not feel inclined to do, and she was just telling him in her tenderest voice, with the sweetest of loving smiles on her bright face, that he was the very naughtiest boy ever known, that she was afraid if he did not improve he would come to a bad end, when a tap at the door, opened at once by the person tapping, admitted Mrs. Macgregor, Fred's landlady.

"Ah, there you are, dawdling over that baby. I did not come to see it. I never look at babies; they're all exactly like. I came to see you; ask me to sit down."

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Macgregor!" said Margaret, rising and placing a chair for her strange guest. "I'm very pleased to see you."

"No, no, I don't suppose you are, really; but I've a great respect for your brother-in-law; and I don't want you, for his sake—mind, for *his* sake—to be discouraged in your outset in life. All the village have got you on their tongues because you got married when you were young, and they say, and so does Fred, that you will rue it when you have half a dozen children. And I have come to say that you will *not*, unless through your own fault. Children were meant by God for blessings, and to those parents who do their duty by them they are blessings—the greatest and the best."

"That I quite believe, Mrs. Macgregor," said Margaret, lifting her boy from his cradle and pressing her lips tenderly on his face.

"That's the way—love them all like that; but *show* your love to them in a still wiser way—make them *obedient* at once, my good young woman. I had thirteen; seven of them have gone to better keeping than mine; the other six are all doing well for themselves, and come and see their old mother, and let her never want for anything, and are the best of good children, God bless them! You can, by prayer and continual work, make your children as good as mine. We are all the children of one Father, and He has given us all the same powers—the same mother-love; and when He trusts us with little ones, He expects us to bring them to Him. So you need not worry yourself or think about the future; leave it in His hands; He won't send you a child more than you can keep, and all the trouble you take for them will be repaid you *tenfold*. Now I've preached my sermon, and I am going. If I've done you any good, I'm glad; if I haven't, I'm satisfied that I tried to; so good-bye."

And popping up from her chair, she was gone before Margaret could rise from hers.

"She is gone like a fairy," exclaimed Margaret, in astonishment at her strange visitor. "But she did speak beautiful, that I must say, and I will, please God, make you a good boy, my darling—"

my treasure," she continued, kissing her baby so hard, that the poor little man, unmindful of the affection, cried with the pain, till Margaret did penance in a wonderful "see-sawing" step, which soon sent the little rebel to sleep and gave his mother time to cook her husband's dinner, which was ready and waiting when he came in. The visit and its purport were discussed during the meal, with a merry laugh at the expense of the manner in which the lecture had been delivered, but both parents agreed that it was all very right and good, and they would both try to follow the advice so oddly given.

It was in the early spring of the year when this little blossom had come to the Gowans, and it is now autumn, the ripe corn is being cut on the farm where Timothy works and he has not time to get back to dinner, so Margaret makes him a pasty and fills him a bottle with cold tea for him to carry to his work.

The season is beautiful; dog-roses are clambering over the hedges in wanton luxuriance, the young birds are on the wing; partridges and pheasants are in the woods and among the turnips, and the fields are rich with the ruddy brown corn, and alive with the busy reapers.

And Margaret has picked up baby from the floor to wash his dirty little hands, and put him on a clean frock, and pinafore, and socks, for he is going out with her to meet father, and he must be bright and clean "to welcome him home again."

"Ah, baby, honey! we must be quick. I can hear our dear Timothy's voice down the lane, singing his merry song, and pulling dog-roses for his minikin mannie."

"Ah, that's right! come and jump for joy, for father's come home from work; and you'll spring, my honey, and crow, my honey, to welcome him home again. Nobody knows, but you and me, baby, his pet name for you; do they, darling? Put little toes in the sock, you minikin mannie; there, that's right. But father will have to change that name soon, for you are growing such a big fellow now, mother can hardly hold you. Ah! I can see him getting over the stile; we must run, baby, or he will be missing us, and I would not have him do that for anything. I'll tell you a secret, baby: he says my welcome home, the sight of our two dear faces, he said that, too, baby, that that sight he looks forward to all the day, and we must not for worlds disappoint him; now we're ready."

And away they go, happy mother and child, laughing, and singing, and talking by turns. Timothy can hear their merry voices before he sees them, and comes on toward them holding up the roses he has gathered, and he takes the boy in his arms, who puts his own little fat ones fast round his father's neck, and thus the trio walk home together.

"I've paid all the rent, lassie," said Timothy, when he could make himself heard between the shouting and crowing of the little rogue he carried in his arms.

"Oh, I am glad, dear! we shall have a happy Sunday to-morrow. Ah, baby boy! you must find some day

'That all is not dance and play,
But bread must be won
And the hard work done,
And that terrible rent to pay.'

But never mind, darling, you've many years before you yet, and when we get father home we don't care for anything."

"No, Peggy, dear," said Tim, as he handed the boy to his mother, and threw himself into his arm-chair. "While we are all well and together, we don't mind labor; it's sweet to come home to rest, and it's sweet to be welcomed home by two such bonny, smiling faces. I don't care what any one says; there's not a man in this village, nor in many another either, who wouldn't envy Timothy his hearty welcome."

INSECT STINGS.

THE pain caused by the sting of a plant or insect is the result of a certain amount of acid poison injected into the blood. The first thing to be done is to press the tube of a small key from side to side, to facilitate the expulsion of the sting and its accompanying poison. The sting, if left in the wound, should be carefully extracted; otherwise it will greatly increase the local irritation. The poison of stings being acid, common sense points to the alkalies as the proper means of cure. Among the most easily procured remedies may be mentioned soft soap, liquor of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), smelling-salts, washing-soda, quicklime made into a paste with water, the juice of an onion, tobacco juice, chewed tobacco, bruised dock leaves, tomato juice, wood ashes, tobacco ashes and carbonate of soda. If the sting be severe, rest and coolness should be added to the other remedies, more especially in the case of nervous subjects. Nothing is so apt to make the poison active as heat, and nothing favors its activity less than cold. Let the body be kept cool and at rest, and the activity of the poison will be reduced to a minimum. Any active exertion whereby the circulation is quickened will increase both pain and swelling. If the swelling be severe, the part may be rubbed with sweet oil or a drop or two of laudanum. Stings in the eye, ear, mouth or throat sometimes lead to serious consequences; in such cases medical advice should always be sought as soon as possible.

CALLED "MISTER."

THE lad seated on the top rail of the fence, facing that sylvan landscape, was Hugh Crieghton, grandson and apprentice of Phineas Crieghton of the blacksmith-shop at the "corners," and the girl treading the rain-moist road toward him was Eulalie, only child of Rosamond and Victor D'Autrechy, the wealthiest couple in all that fertile farm region.

If at any time since he and his widowed mother came under Phineas Crieghton's grinding heel, Hugh had been really himself—he certainly was not that day. Never had the "smithy" looked more repulsive, never the bread of dependence tasted more bitter, never the lad's conduct more strongly tended to confirm his grandfather's opinion of him as a "stubborn, lazy, loafing fellow."

Yes, that fourteen-year-old Miss coming along the grass-fringed ribbon of a path, a little in advance of her governess, was Eulalie D'Autrechy, as sweet and good as she was pretty, and that is saying, and meaning, a great deal.

The day before the celebration of her twelfth birthday, Hugh Crieghton, having an errand to the D'Autrechy mansion, made so valuable a suggestion regarding certain decorations, the great man took him into favor at once.

"The boy's a born artist," he said to Mrs. D'Autrechy in an aside. "If possible, we'll get him to stay and help."

"If you can screw any work out of him, do so. Precious little use he is to me," growled Grandpa Phineas, when consulted on the subject. "He'll set to well enough for an hour; after that, he'll loaf." Then, "Look here!" to the messenger sent to see if the lad could be spared, "don't pay him. I'll call up and get what he's earned. If it's only a pinch of salt I wouldn't trust a boy with it."

Hugh Crieghton put heart as well as hand in the work, not for what he expected to get, merely, but the real pleasure afforded his beauty-loving nature.

Assisting in the arrangement of tropical plants, contrasting blossom with blossom, looping rose-garlands, softening a glare of color here, starting crimson flower-flames there, suited the boy. Beside, this was to surprise and delight Miss Eulalie. This embowering verdure, those swinging rose-censers, that carnival of color was for Eulalie D'Autrechy, the grace, the poem of his life. How he longed to put aside the bit of "filthy lucre" awaiting him, and cherish the thought that what he had done was for love alone. For love of one fair and far away as the stars, yet, like them, shining brightly down even upon the dull level of his every-day life. Still, he was but fourteen, with a boy's heart throbbing under his patched jacket

and that pocket of his was such a stranger to the chink of coin, he had no thought of refusing his reward.

"Your grandfather said I was not to detain you after nine," said Mr. D'Autrechy, kind enough in his pompous way. "It lacks three minutes; take your hat and go. You'll be home by the time the clock strikes."

Hugh got the dilapidated piece of head-covering indicated, then lingered a second, casting a wistful glance at his employer.

"Mr. Crieghton says he will call in person for your money," said this man of the world, loyal to his sense of duty to recognized authority, yet pitying the child-heart writing its desire on that white, thin face.

A winged dream tangled in the web of thought, a dream of ribbons for his mother's shabby bonnet and, perhaps, something new for himself, broke fancy's quivering mesh and flew away, leaving him an infinitely sadder, a more surface-hardened boy than he was even the moment before these words were uttered. It was only one of Phineas Crieghton's many acts of injustice and oppression; doubtless the lad might have expected that or something similar, yet he had not done so. The round of years stretching between him and his third birthday had been overshadowed by such deeds, yet was he none the less outraged and resentful.

The two years dividing that day from this I write of, were in no wise memorable save in this: Hugh Crieghton began to think that what everybody, except his mother, said—and she, weak woman, with drooping eyelids and ominous shakings of the head implied it—must be true. He was "a stubborn, lazy, loafing fellow."

The D'Autrechys had sent for him on more than one anniversary or festive occasion, when his rare decorative skill was required to lend additional attraction to the spacious rooms. But the glow of feeling characterizing his first effort was gone. Even Miss Eulalie's flittings in and out with a brief word or smile for him, ceased to inspire his heart in the right direction. Necessarily, he failed in giving satisfaction; and if their resources had been as abundant as their means, the D'Autrechys would have dismissed the boy long before they did.

A month previous to the opening of my story, Mr. D'Autrechy rebuked him sharply for what seemed an oversight. Now, although the youth's heart was not enlisted, the undeveloped artist was. An exquisite, but, as yet, sketchily and tardily arranged device in ferns and grasses, brought forth unmerited criticism. Too deeply wounded, and withal too proudly shy to explain, Hugh Crieghton tossed that broidery of ferns aside, left those sea-green grasses in heaps on the floor, and, taking his hat, said with the air of a prince of the blood royal: "I bid you good-day, sir."

Mr. D'Autrechy, although kind to those he considered his inferiors, nevertheless jealously guarded his own high and lofty position, and flew into a rage over what he accounted an "unheard of piece of effrontery."

"Good-day, young lazy-bones," he replied, angrily. "Good-day; and, mind, if ever I catch you on these premises, I'll set the dogs on you."

Eulalie D'Autrechy, entering the dining-room at this critical moment, heard these high words, and saw the lad's set look as he flashed past her and was gone.

Now, for the first time since that day, she was meeting him.

Pausing an instant before him, she said gently: "Mr. Crieghton, I've been wanting to tell you ever so long, I'm sorry papa spoke so harshly that day."

Simple language, but not words merely. Standing there in the glow of the departing sun, roses on her bosom and in her hands and hair, not an outline of her slender figure, not a tint of her ethereal loveliness escaped him. One instant she stood there in a nimbus of gold-colored light, tender crimson from the west touching lip and cheek; one instant the melody of her sweet voice floated on the air, the next she was gone.

The boy was stunned. He could only obey some blind impulse prompting him to lift his torn hat, and remain dumb, so completely did the vision enthral him.

"She called me Mister!" he exclaimed, suddenly aroused to an active sense of what had transpired. "Only to think!" dropping from his rail-perch, and facing sunset reds, with crimsons as radiant deepening on either cheek. "Miss D'Autrechy! Eulalie! called me Mister!"

Before the sweet girl came that way he was an indolent country lad, in coarse, patched garments; after she passed, he was a man girding himself for the battle of life. In the great soul-awakening light risen upon him, he beheld himself better, grander, stronger than he knew. He seemed but to have to reach out to gather the riches of earth; but to go forward in order to conquer the universe.

"F'm! do you s'pose it's going to last?" sniffed old man Crieghton, when his daughter timidly called attention to the "improvement" in Hugh. "See here, you young gander!" to the lad coming toward the shop with trailing grasses and bright field-flowers in his arms, "what do you mean sneaking off for that trash—and what do you propose doing with it?"

Hugh swallowed an impertinent reply, beat down a desire to give up his day's task and take to the woods, then answered: "I was going to put them in the window near my bench."

"You'll put them in the hog-pen! Or that's where I'll put them," replied Phineas Crieghton, suiting the action to the word.

Hugh looked at the frightened little mother standing meekly by, and thought he wouldn't "make a fuss" for her sake; but he would go to the fields and lanes; he could not work for such a master.

"Never mind, Hughie, you'll be a man some day," said his mother under her breath, yet sure the lad would hear.

Amanda Crieghton spoke at a venture, yet she touched what was now the key-note of her child's life.

"She called me Mister!" he whispered to himself, smiling over his precious secret. "Miss D'Autrechy, Eulalie, called me Mister! A man must have a trade or he won't earn a living. I'll go to work."

Whether future events would have borne out Mr. Crieghton's opinion that the change in his grandson would not last, never was proven, as far as his business was concerned.

Uncle Jesse Sims, Amanda Crieghton's only brother, sent for Hugh to come to the city and learn his business. His offer was gladly accepted, and the orphan found employment more agreeable than that the sooty, grimy shop at the "corners" afforded. Aye, and he worked industriously, too. Uncle Jesse was a regular driver; yet, being himself always in the fore-front urging, encouraging, so stimulated the nephew as to make him a veritable bee, "improving each shining hour."

The ebb and flow of years finally led him into a thoroughly congenial and lucrative business. He drew his hard-worked mother out of Phineas Crieghton's yoke, and put her at her ease in an almost palatial residence. He won for a wife one of the best women on earth. Little children were laid in his arms, and the eldest had grown "as high as his heart," when one August they all visited the old "smithy" and great-grandpa and grandpa Crieghton's graves.

They spent a fortnight in that healthful farm region, and one day the sweet, middle-aged lady at the D'Autrechy mansion sent to their hotel and asked as a special favor that the little ones be allowed to visit her in her lonely home.

The Crieghton name, that apparently trifling incident in the vanished years, had passed out of her recollection, but Eulalie Waring, widowed and childless, fairly hungered after the bright-haired, sunny-faced "children of the stranger." The entire family made free and obeyed the summons.

A stately, white-haired dame, a paralytic old man, and a lady in mourning, statue-fair and angel-sweet, received them.

Sitting in the spacious parlor with these three, his own dear wife, mother, and blue-eyed children about him, Hugh Crieghton slipped the clasp from the book of the past, and read to them its story. Read the story of that summer eventide, when a

slight figure floated by, and a girlish voice woke the man in his slumbering soul.

"So small a matter wrought such great results?" answered Mrs. Waring, almost incredulously.

"Allow me to assure you, madam, that the gates leading to grandest possibilities are neither heavy nor clanging. They swing on silken hinges. They are so light, a tender touch, an appreciative smile, the right word spoken at the right time, causes them to open. And sometimes a child, even a very little child, leads us as we pass through them."

"Tell me," says wee Nina Crieghton, again and again, climbing her father's knee. "Tell me what the pretty lady say."

"She called me Mister."

"An' you got up into a big, great man?"

"In course of time—yes," answers Hugh Crieghton, laughing, and smoothing back the glittering hair, so like to that of his fair girl-idol, he regrets not having named his darling Eulalie.

MADGE CARROL.

STAINED GLASS.

NEARLY contemporary with the revival of Gothic architecture applied both to ecclesiastical and secular buildings, the taste for the enrichment of such edifices by the introduction of colored and painted glass has revived and flourished. The secret of communicating to glass the exquisite and glowing colors, so richly and harmoniously blended in the few uninjured specimens that remained in the medieval churches of Great Britain, if not absolutely lost, was for long buried in obscurity. Another most serious impediment was the difficulty of producing a pigment which should possess sufficient affinity with the glass to be readily incorporated with it, and yet be capable of reduction to a consistency favorable to its use as an ordinary kind of painting material to be laid on, and variously treated, according to the artistic necessities of the manipulator. But these and other minor obstacles gradually disappeared before the searching investigations of enthusiasts in an art that had been so long neglected.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon or full-sized drawing being prepared, a kind of skeleton-drawing is made, showing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass. It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colors displayed, but a number of small pieces, which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that each different color we see is the color of that particular piece of glass, the only

painting material employed being the dark-brown pigment used to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton or working drawing then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shade are arranged in racks, each bearing a number, by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on each separate piece of glass by means of a frame containing small pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that color, the use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut, it passes to the painter, who, laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, etc., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and the continually varying conditions of the atmosphere would speedily remove every vestige of paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass, and becomes actually incorporated with its substance. After this burning process, it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden framework which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick kind of cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

GOOD WOMEN.—The highest words of praise that can be spoken of a woman is to say of her that she is "a good woman." The women who win the admiration, respect and love of all are the good women of the world. We are ready to praise women of talent, women whose accomplishments are many, who are brilliant and gifted above other women; an hour passed in their company may be delightful, but unless they are good women we would not choose to spend a lifetime with them. We admire women to whom nature has given the great gift of beauty; the bright eyes, glowing cheeks, perfect features and graceful movements of a beautiful woman charm us, but the charm is not lasting unless the beautiful woman is also a good woman. Only good women win our perfect faith, our lasting respect; they only receive the highest praise our lips can utter, the best love our hearts can give.



THE SIESTA.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

AIRS! that wander and murmur round,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er;
 Sweet be her slumbers—though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber no more.
 Breathing soft from the blue profound,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs! that over the bending boughs,
 And under the shade of pendent leaves,
 Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
 Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves—
 Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

BRYANT.

"PETTY LARCENY."

MRS. HELMER glanced out through the bay-window and saw Angie sitting in the pretty basket phaeton, drawing on her driving-gloves, and seemingly listening to something the groom was saying as he arranged a part of the harness. Her head was bent with a graceful look of interest and sympathy.

Mrs. Helmer smiled and turned to her son, whose handsome length was stretched upon a lounge across the room.

"I never saw another such girl as Angie is," she said. "She interests herself in everybody—she is so kind-hearted. Aren't you going to drive into town with her, Carsins?"

Carsins yawned: "I don't know; I am hardly rested yet from my journey." And then, seeing the anxious expression of his mother's face: "Why, yes, *ma mère*, if you would like me to accompany my cousin, of course I'll go."

"That's a good boy," smiled his mother, as Carsins arose from his recumbent position, and went into the hall for his hat and gloves. "But allow me to remind you she is not your cousin, Carsins; and to say that there's not another man in Sunnymede, old or young, who would need to be urged to ride with Angie St. John. Indeed, you will be the envy of all, for I assure you she is a great favorite."

"Evidently so with my mother," laughed Carsins, as he came back to kiss her still blooming cheek. "Be careful, *ma mère*, or I'll be jealous of this cousin, whom I left a miss in pantalets, and find a full-blown siren on my return. Has she stolen my place during my six years' absence?"

"What a question!" responded Mrs. Helmer, almost reproachfully, though she knew he was jesting. "As if any one *could* steal the place of my only child! But I do love Angie very dearly—and who could help it? Be off now, or you will be too late; Angie is just driving out through the large gate."

"I will cross the garden and overtake her—as *revoir*!" and the handsome fellow bounded away, while his mother watched with admiring, pleased eyes until she saw him safely ensconced beside Angie.

During the past four years, since Angie had developed into such a charming girl and universal favorite, it had been the dream of Mrs. Helmer's life to see her Carsins's wife.

Angie was the niece of Mrs. Helmer's first husband; Carsins was the son of a second marriage; so in reality no blood tie existed between the two.

When Carsins went to Europe to complete his education by study and travel, Angie was an unfledged girl of fifteen, Carsins a youth of nineteen. Angie had been at school several years, so Carsins knew very little of her save as a child, but had

learned from his mother's letters that she had developed into a very charming girl.

Even more charming than the descriptions he found her on his return; and it did not take very long for him to discover that his mother was not at all averse to his falling in love with her favorite, and possessing himself of her charms and her well-invested fortune.

Not that Mrs. Helmer was mercenary; far from it. Carsins had a fortune of his own. But she really loved Angie, and dreaded to see her unhappily married, or the victim of a fortune-seeker. And she knew if Carsins married her, she would be saved from either fate, as nothing but love would induce him to make any woman his wife; and, once married, he was sure to be the best of husbands, as he had been of sons.

They were a handsome couple as they rode through the summer sunlight into town that day. Few handsomer men could be found than Carsins Helmer, with his splendid breadth of chest and shoulder, his soft, dark eyes and smooth, olive skin.

"He is just my ideal," sighed Angie, softly, to herself, as she saw him coming across the garden, and reined in her ponies. "Just my ideal! Ah, fate is kind!"

"I nearly let you escape me," smiled Carsins, as he tucked the duster about his lap; "but I fell asleep, to tell the truth, on the lounge, and when I awoke I supposed you had gone, till mother told me you were driving through the gate."

"And I *should* have been gone, and served you right, too, Sir Laziness, but for the groom. I got interested in a little romance of his, and that detained me."

Carsins laughed. "So even grooms have romances, do they?" he queried. "And I suppose they are quite as entertaining as other people's, if one look at the sentiment only—not the surroundings."

"This is a romance with a vein of tragedy in it for Thomas," Angie responded. "Really, it is too bad. He has been very attentive to Mrs. Sowers's nurse-girl for nearly a year. She was a right pretty girl, and pleasant mannered. I have not seen them together for several weeks now, and I asked Thomas to-day, casually, as he was arranging the harness, what had become of his sweetheart. He colored up, and then told me the story. It seems the girl has kleptomania, and several times has been indited for petty larceny. Mrs. Sowers is aware of it, and quietly recovers her stolen knick-knacks, and makes no fuss about it, but keeps the girl because she likes her in other respects. This has recently come to Thomas's ears, and he has discontinued his attentions."

"Do you think wisely?"

"Why, certainly. Thomas is very honest, and unusually sensitive for one of his class. To marry

a girl who had this stain upon her name would be impossible for him; besides, she would always be getting him into trouble. Such a defect is not cured easily, especially when, as with her, it is an actual disease. But the poor fellow was interested in the girl, and I am sorry for him."

"And for her? No doubt she cared for Thomas."

"Very likely. And yet, to tell you the truth, I never allow myself to waste much sympathy upon women. I find them, as a class, exceedingly disagreeable—high or low—and unkind toward one another. Therefore, I let them alone as much as possible."

"Your experiences have not been pleasant with your own sex, I should judge," suggested Carsins, who, though he had observed women to be, as a rule, just as Angie described them, was not exactly pleased with her open expression upon the subject. There are views which are better unexpressed.

"Oh, I have no trouble with them," laughed Angie. "I merely don't waste much thought upon them. I find men far more agreeable, and therefore I like them better. Women are so selfish. There are blessed exceptions, of course, like your dear mother; but, as a rule, they won't put themselves out or deny themselves for you, while men—"

"Will do anything for you," laughed Carsins. "And who can blame them?"

"Flatterer!" said Angie, smiling into his dark eyes, and flushing very becomingly; and then leaning forward, she bowed and smiled brightly as a gentleman and lady drove past her in an open carriage.

"That was a sweet face," said Carsins. "Who was she?"

"The lady? Oh, that was Hope Stanley—a nice girl, I think, though she doesn't like me."

"Which proves she has poor taste," responded Carsins, with his dangerous smile again. "And, pray, why doesn't she like you?"

"Because her brother—he was with her just now—does," was Angie's laughing response. And then, seeing Carsins's knowing expression, she hastened to add: "Oh, not that he is a lover—not at all—just a dear, good friend. But his sister fairly worships him, and it actually makes her jealous because he is so ready to do me favors, bring me books, run on errands, and be generally useful and obliging. I think it is too bad of her—don't you? Had I a brother, I would be ever so generous of him."

"Would you?" said Carsins; and she did not detect the ring of doubt in his mind. Somehow he felt impressed that generosity and unselfishness were not leading characteristics of Angie's nature.

But that she was a favorite in Sunnymede, he had ample reason to believe before the drive was over. Angie's mission that day was to invite the

friends of the family to a social gathering at her aunt's the next week, in honor of Carsins's return. It was not a formal "reception," and there were no written invitations—simply a social gathering of friends and acquaintances to welcome the young man home. And Mrs. Helmer had commissioned Angie to ride about and deliver the invitations at homes and offices. Carsins sat in the phaeton and held the reins, while Angie tripped lightly up-stairs and rang door-bells. Where the mistress of the house was not at home (as was frequently the case, for Angie had chosen Saturday afternoon for her mission, when she knew most of her friends did their shopping), she left her invitation at the office or store of the gentlemen. When the ladies were at home, Carsins could but notice how brief the time occupied by the message—in comparison to that required down town—how much more suave and sweet her manner with the denizens of offices than with their wives and sisters who met her at the door of their homes. To the ladies she said: "Mrs. Helmer desires your presence," etc. To the gentlemen, with a rare smile: "We want you to come. Don't fail us, or I will be so disappointed."

Carsins was studying human nature as exhibited by the feminine gender, and he took down all these little peculiarities in his mental note-book.

"Now just see the difference," said Angie, as they rode homeward, after delivering the last message. "Nearly every gentleman came down the steps and out to the carriage with me, while not one lady stirred outside her door. Why can't women be gallant to each other? I think the world would be lots nicer."

"So do I," responded Carsins, emphatically.

The party was a brilliant success, as were all Mrs. Helmer's gatherings. Angie assisted her aunt with easy grace, and was the object of universal attention, as she always was. Carsins watched her with eyes that appreciated the beauty of form and feature, the perfection of toilet, as well as some peculiarities of demeanor that might not have been observed by others.

For instance, he saw her cross the room to where Ray Stanley stood beside his sister, and, with the prettiest smile and glance imaginable, pin a tiny bouquet upon the lappel of his coat, and then accept his arm for a promenade. He saw the troubled look in Hope's blue eyes, and going to her side, drew her into conversation. She was a small, slight girl, with a face that was wonderfully attractive to Carsins. He drew her on to speak of his cousin. He wanted to see how she would express herself.

"You and Miss Angie are quite intimate, I presume," he said. "You are such near neighbors."

Hope hesitated only a second. Then she answered: "Well, we are very good friends, but we do not see very much of each other. Miss St.

John's time is so much occupied with society, while I go out very little."

"You are not fond of society, then?"

"Yes," Hope answered, frankly, "I like pleasure as well as most girls do. But we are not all as great favorites as Miss St. John, and therefore few have so many opportunities for enjoyment of that kind. The gentlemen all strive with each other for her society. It is no wonder; she is very entertaining. My brother says he is never so well entertained anywhere else as when he calls on Miss St. John. I assure you they will all envy you the delight of dwelling under the same roof with her."

Not a look or tone of envy marred the sweetness of Hope Stanley's face or voice as she spoke; and as Carsins adroitly turned the conversation into other channels, he said mentally: "I understand the whole thing. She is not jealous, as Angie thinks; she is only desirous of keeping a little of what belongs to her by right, and would occasionally like her brother for an escort, instead of having him a slave to the whims of a girl who cares nothing for him."

As the days went by, Mrs. Helmer felt that the wish of her heart was to be gratified, for Carsins was Angie's most devoted companion on all occasions, while the evenings at home were spent in music and conversation, in both of which Angie was par excellence, and Carsins critically appreciative.

"What do you think of her?" queried Mrs. Helmer one day, as Angie left them alone.

"She is a very agreeable girl—rarely interesting," said Carsins.

"Yes, and so kind-hearted," added his mother. "Do you know, with all the admiration she has received, and with all her train of admirers, she has never allowed one of them to make her a proposal. I know of two gentlemen in this town who are very anxious to do so; and she knows it, and invariably makes me promise to remain in the room while either one is here. She seems to dread giving them pain."

"Very kind of her," said Carsins, laconically, but did not add, as he might, that he wondered why she continued to treat them in a manner that inspired hope.

One evening Carsins sat smoking his cigar in the veranda, and Angie (who had gone to town on some errand before he had returned from a fishing excursion) drove slowly by, chatting gayly with a gentleman who was a stranger to Carsins.

She returned alone after a few moments, and Carsins asked, laughingly, as he assisted her out of the phaeton, "What she had done with her latest acquisition—had she taken him away and murdered him to make room for more? If so," he added, "I must beware, or my turn will soon come."

Angie laughed gayly.

"Oh, that was no 'acquisition,' as you term it," she said; "that was Mr. Snowden, a married man. He is a good friend of mine; and as I overtook him on the road home, I thought it would be too bad to let him walk in the hot sun. So I carried him to his house, a little way below here, and to repay me, he gave me this lovely bouquet, and is to bring me a book I have been wanting ever so long, this evening."

"You get paid for all your good deeds, with interest, don't you?" said Carsins.

And Angie answered: "Yes, when the gentlemen are my debtors."

To which Carsins's mental comment was: "And you take good care that only they shall be your debtors for any unselfish act of kindness."

When Mr. Snowden called, he gave the book to Miss Angie in presence of her aunt and Carsins, and then, looking at his watch, and observing that he was "ahead of time" for his engagement, begged Miss Angie to sing him a song, and took upon himself the pleasure of turning her music and looking at her with eyes of open admiration the while she sang. Then he lingered a moment to thank her warmly for her music, praise her voice, and bowed himself out.

"Such a nice man!" said Angie, as he departed. "He is so appreciative of everything. I like him."

"It is evidently reciprocated," Carsins responded, in a tone that made Angie say to herself that night, as she brushed out her hair before the mirror: "I really believe Carsins is a little jealous of the attention I receive. Oh, well, it will do him good. He needs spurring a little; he takes things altogether too easily. But of all the men I ever met, he is the *king*," she added, softly, and blushed at her own reflection as she said it.

And all her sleep was roseate that night with dreams of Carsins Helmer.

A few weeks later—Angie had callers, and Carsins strolled out for a walk, and presently found himself opposite the Stanley cottage. He rang the bell, and asked for Miss Hope.

"Yes, she was in, and disengaged." And he was ushered into the sitting-room, where he found Hope bathed in the moonlight from a bay-window that looked out on a side street.

She greeted him cordially. "I will order lamps," she said.

But he begged her not to spoil the perfect moonlight that flooded the room; and they sat down in the embrasure of the bay-window, and fell into easy converse. He talked to her of Europe, of much that she had read of and he had seen, and the moments glided by on wings of light.

Presently there was a pause; and as the silence fell within, from without there came the voice of

one of two people who were slowly sauntering by the window.

"I hear that Angie St. John is going to marry that son of her aunt's. He will be a lucky fellow, if that is true."

And a woman's voice replied with a touch of bitterness in it: "I sincerely hope it *is* true; for perhaps if she were married and settled in life, Miss St. John would be contented to let other women keep the love that belongs to them."

It was Mr. Snowden who had first spoken; it was his wife who replied.

Carsins felt himself coloring hotly, and he could see the red blood mantling in the cheek of his companion.

"Evidently they were not aware of the near proximity of one of their subjects of discussion," he ventured, after a moment's awkward silence.

"No. And why will people be so uncharitable in their remarks, I wonder?" queried Hope. "And why will the world gossip so much? Really, one *has* no privacy, no secrets nowadays; the world bruits it all abroad."

"In this case there is no betrayal of secrets or privacy," said Carsins, quietly. "Only a mistake. Miss St. John is too much of a favorite to care for any one man, and I—I love you, Hope, and I want you for my wife. Will you give me hope in both senses?"

Poor Hope! It had come so suddenly and unexpectedly—this proposal from the man she had been vainly trying to steel her heart against for weeks—that she almost fainted. Her hands fell, her face blanched, but strong arms caught her, and drew her to a breast that was to be her shield forevermore.

A week later Carsins sat with his mother on the veranda in the gloaming. He was smoking his cigar, and his mother was watching his face through the gathering shadows.

"Carsins," she said presently, "why don't you think about getting married?"

"I have—I do," he answered, gravely.

"That's a sensible boy," she said. "I think I need not ask who is the lady," she began.

"No, for I had meant to tell you to-night, anyway. I have proposed to, and been accepted by, the woman I love—Hope Stanley."

"Hope Stanley!" echoed Mrs. Helmer. "O Carsins, why wasn't it Angie?"

Carsins threw the remainder of his cigar into the grass, and turned toward his mother.

"It is not Angie for two reasons," he said. "The first is, she does not care enough for me to marry me if I wanted her to; the second is, precisely the same which deterred Thomas, the groom, from making Mrs. Sowers's nurse-girl his wife—she is guilty of *petty larceny*."

"Carsins!" cried Mrs. Helmer, almost angrily,

"are you demented? Angie St. John commit a *theft*!"

"Not one, but *many*," continued Carsins, calmly.

"I have made her a careful study ever since I came home, and I have decided that she is a born kleptomaniac, as the nurse-girl was. Now don't get into a white heat, mother, but listen. Angie is, as you say, a great favorite. But I have noticed that she is so only with men. Her own sex dislike her, and not without reason. It is because she *steals from them*. She likes to make women jealous—to make men her slaves. She likes to have brothers neglect their sisters, lovers their sweethearts, men their wives, to do her bidding—to pay her homage. She does not, like the acknowledged, bold coquette, care for proposals; she avoids the *denouement* with skillful tact, because she does not want to lose her hold upon her victim. Neither does she care to enter the lists of worldly flirts. But all the same she is selfish and unprincipled at heart—a kleptomaniac, stealing a little love that does not belong to her, and that does her no good, from every man she meets. I could not make such a woman my wife, mother; the habit has too strong a hold upon her to be broken off easily, and would cause me shame and heart-pangs in the future. Angie is a brilliant girl, and, but for this misfortune, would be worthy any man's love. But she does not care for me, fortunately, and I have no right to discuss her in this way, save to set myself right in your eyes. It is growing chilly; let us go in."

They did not hear the rustle of a garment or a quick step that retreated up the stairs as they entered the room. Behind a curtain Angie had sat and listened to all the conversation—all the latter part, at least—referring to herself.

Alone in her room the next hour, she suffered an agony of remorse and humiliation that seemed almost more than she could bear; for she had really loved Carsins, blind as he was to that fact. And she had never supposed it possible that he did not love her. She was so used to being loved, that she took it as a matter of course. And now, when she was daily expecting a declaration, to hear him call her a kleptomaniac—a petty thief!

She was not a praying woman, yet her misery thrust her down upon her knees, where she pleaded fervently for strength to bear her part bravely. She was still kneeling when the bell rang, and a servant knocked at the door and informed her a caller was below. She knew who it was—Karl Spencer, one of her most devoted admirers—one of the men she had kept from proposing marriage for several months. She bathed her face and went down-stairs, and greeted him with a manner that made his heart leap with joy. He was a good man—older by ten years than herself—in a secured position financially, and well liked socially. When he left her that evening, she was his betrothed wife.

She told her aunt the next morning, who could scarcely conceal her amazement. Mrs. Helmer had felt so sure Angie loved Carsins. She had spent a wakeful night worrying over the pain her favorite would feel when she knew of Carsins's engagement. And now Angie had coolly informed her that *she* was engaged to Karl Spencer!

"I declare, there is no reading young people's hearts nowadays," she said. "I felt sure you and Carsins were in love with each other; and you are to marry Mr. Spencer, and Carsins is engaged to Hope Stanley."

"Really?" cried Angie, with a well-feigned surprise. "Why how delightful! We can have a double wedding."

Love worked miracles in Angie, Carsins thought, for she seemed greatly, though not wholly, changed after her engagement. He never knew that his words had worked the change, or dreamed of the scar in Angie's heart.

ELLA WHEELER.

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER.

HAYDN used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London.

Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music.

"Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's."

"Oh," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that."

"How, sir! You will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray what fault have you to find with it?"

"Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other."

The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied: "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him.

As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name.

The music seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music."

The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

THE only way to shine is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but in course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"WON'T YOU BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?"

THE cold blast of a bitter east wind is blowing through the London streets—cold enough to make the men shiver and draw up their coat collars, and the women hold their muffs up to their faces to shield them from the cutting wind. The spring has lost its way, surely, and winter come back to take her place. Most of the passers-by are hurrying on to pleasant homes and loving greetings after the labors of the day. Many are coming out from home to some place of amusement, the brilliant gaslights giving an air of welcome and promise of warmth and pleasure, tempting on such a night.

Beneath one of these brilliantly-lighted houses a star of gas is gleaming and glittering above the door, into which a crowd is rapidly hurrying. Standing on the curbstone is a small child, with a thin, scant garment clinging to her naked limbs, red and chafed with the cold wind; a torn straw hat pretending to cover her head, which has a warmer covering provided by nature—abundance of gold-brown hair, tangled and rough, yet falling to her waist, attracting the attention of the passers-by more than the little wistful look in the sad, weary eyes, or the pleading cry, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" A child has been lifted from a carriage by her father, who, taking her by the hand, leads her up the steps of the brilliantly-lighted entrance. As she passes the flower-girl, in her white frock and little scarlet cloak lined with fur, her silk stockings and satin boots covering her dainty little feet, she turns her head to give a look of pity to that wan and weary sister, which the child notices, and, springing forward, a ray of hope brightening her thin face, hands her a little spring bouquet of violets and snow-drops.

"Do buy one, Miss," she says, in the rough voice come of long exposure to weather—of the constant supplication to purchase her flowers—pitched so high as to be heard above the roar of the carriages and din of the busy streets.

The little lady stops and says: "O papa, do buy one!"

"No, no, my dear, never buy those things in the street. Come along!"

"But give her a penny, she looks so hungry—do."

"O my dear," said the gentleman, impatiently, "I have no pence. I can't stop; but, there, there, child, take that and get out of the way. No, no, I don't want your flowers." And he hurried his little daughter into the concert-room, and the flower-girl, pushed and jostled by the crowd, went back to her place again, and, with a little sob of joy, looked at the small silver coin in her hand, the only one she had taken all day. And the

people hurried past, and the carriages rolled along, and the child stood in that bitter wind, growing gradually more violent, until the tender spring blossoms were blown out of her basket, and she was fain to drag her cold, weary limbs to the place she called home. Home!—sweet sound to some, but to others—alas! many, many others—what is it? Too often it represents but plastered walls, in many places broken away, showing only the laths. A miserable window—panes broken out and stuffed with rag or pasted over with paper; hungry children crying for food and shivering with cold; a sick father in one corner of the room on a wretched pallet-bed, a broken mug with a little muddy-looking water for him to slake the awful thirst of fever, to moisten the dry, parched tongue. All the rooms of the house in which the little flower-girl lives were much like this. It is the second house in a court turning out of one of the large thoroughfares. Her father works for a large boot and shoe warehouse in the city. He has a bad cough now, a hollow, harsh cough; a sallow face, black, rough hair, and very dirty hands always.

She had no mother, that poor little thing—not that she would have been much the better for one if the mother had been like the women in the court. But though she had no mother, she had many little brothers and sisters to whom she played the part of mother; the brothers worried her the most, they were so troublesome. They would thieve and fight; would not let her wash them, even on Sunday, used bad words, and altogether were a sad grief and care to the poor child. She was only twelve, and it was all too much for her, so she gave up the attempt to do more than feed them all as well as she could, and tidy up the room once a day. That was a very difficult job, too, for when you consider that her father and herself, two sisters and two brothers, all slept and ate in the room, and it was his workshop, too, it was indeed an almost hopeless task for such young hands, such a young head. The children went in the daytime to a ragged school, but Patty thought it better to try to earn a little, for father's pay wasn't enough to keep so many. She had seen girls and women selling flowers in the streets and at the doors of the opera, and so, asking her father to give her a little money to buy some with, she had that morning started to Covent Garden early, and had been all day in that bleak, rough wind trying to dispose of them. It was a very discouraging beginning. Others, taller and stronger than herself, elbowed her away as she strove to reach the ladies in their carriages waiting outside the grand shops, and the father of the little lady was the only person who had given her a farthing all that day.

Weary, cold and footsore, she entered the miserable room. The children were crying and fight-

ing, and her father, sitting at his work, took little notice of them.

"It wasn't no use saying anything to them. They'd got naught else to do but fight, as he know'd on," he would say to Patty, when she tried to quiet them. "Put them to bed, lass, that's the best way."

But this night Patty felt she could not even do that. She could not struggle with the boys; she could not contend with baby, who always preferred enjoying her dirty thumb until she fell asleep on the floor in preference to having her clothes taken off and being washed in a pudding-basin and dried on a coarse towel which was used for many other purposes during the day. She was so weary, so disappointed—a fourpenny piece all the long day, and she had to repay her father. She sunk down on an old broken chair with her basket of spring blossoms beside her (so strange a contrast in their sweet beauty to the wretched home), and with a little sob, said: "I can't pay you back, father. I've only got this here fourpenny bit; but I'll go out again to-morrow if the flowers are not dead by then."

"Ah! I reckon they *will* be in this here room," said her father, not unkindly. He never was unkind to any of his children; he did them little good, but he did them no harm. He worked on daily and uncomplainingly for their support and his own, laid down on his wretched bed at night and slept till morning; went without food if they had none, still uncomplainingly, and, in short, seemed a mere machine. His hard life, the monotony of wretchedness, had taken all spirit, all manliness out of him, all hope of better days. But as he spoke the last words he stooped, and, picking from the basket a little bunch of the fragrant flowers, looked at them—looked at them long and earnestly, till the dreary, wretched room faded from his sight, and a cottage garden, gay with spring flowers, took its place—a garden which had been his pride to keep neat and free from weeds, a garden on which he spent any coppers he earned for seeds and bulbs to please his mother, who loved flowers so—his mother, at whose knees he said his prayers. What was it he said then? It is so long ago; but as he thinks, he seems to feel a soft hand laid on his head, and to hear a tender, loving voice say: "Go on, Johnny. 'Give us this day—'"

Patty is frightened. Is father ill? He has fallen on his knees, clasping the little bunch of flowers to his breast, as two large tears roll down his thin, wan cheeks. She goes to him, and lays her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, father? Are you bad?" she asks.

"Kneel beside me; say it after me. I'd ought to have taught you when I knowed it all. I can't get no farther than this;" and the wondering child, in obedience to her father's command, knelt

beside him and repeated the words—strange ones, alas! to her. But as she repeated after him the last words he could remember, the supplication for the daily bread they had found it so hard to earn, a low tap at the room door arrested their attention. Patty said "Come in," and the door, opening, admitted a woman in a black cloth cloak and black straw bonnet, with a full white cap beneath it, surrounding the pleasantest face, which seemed to light the room as she entered.

In a voice as bright and pleasant as her face, she said: "I beg your pardon for intruding, but have you not a little flower-maiden here? I think this is the house I was directed to."

Patty paused a moment before answering, and then said in her husky voice, and with a rough, defiant manner: "I've been a-trying to sell flowers to-day, if that's what you mean; and it's no use you coming after me, for I ain't picked no pockets nor done nothink."

"My child," answered the visitor, taking, with a gracious smile of thanks, the chair offered by the father, "I am sent to you by a kind friend to help and comfort you, I hope. She wishes, as God has blessed her bountifully, to help His poor, and it has occurred to her to establish a flower-girl brigade; and I, with a few other ladies, am trying to help her. Some poor girls who sell flowers in the street are not so well off as you, with a father and a home."

Poor Morris stirred up the small fire, and a bright blaze shot up the chimney, lighting up the little room, so that Patty thought it had never looked so comfortable before.

"Many," continued the stranger, "are homeless wanderers. Some of those are coming to me; but such as have homes we wish to keep there, and enable them by their work to brighten their homes. Flowers are such sweet, beautiful emblems of the resurrection, they seem to die in the winter, and yet come back in the bright spring, radiant as ever. I saw you this evening and followed you; somehow I missed you at the corner of the court, but I asked a woman if she knew whether any girls who sold flowers lived down here, and she sent me to you. I see," she said, looking at the basket, "you have not been very successful to-day, but you will do better to-morrow. Now, please, tell me your name, and at seven o'clock to-morrow evening you must come to this address"—handing her a card—"to be measured for a suit of clothes, which you will wear in the streets to sell your flowers, and which will be renewed every six months. In the winter we shall not forget you, but find you employment," she said, rising from her seat. "Now I am sure you will come to-morrow to be enrolled as a member of the flower-brigade."

She had talked on thus so brightly, waiting for no reply, and Patty had stood, open-mouthed,

listening to her, scarcely understanding her; but the baby, dropping the headless doll which she had been banging on the floor, came to her, and, helping herself on to her feet by her skirts, had been laying her little face in her muff, and uttering a little soft cooing noise of satisfaction, as the gentle white hand lay on her little rough head with a tender pressure that seemed to speak to the poor motherless babe of love and protection.

"You will let your little girl belong to our brigade?" she said, turning to Morris, as she rose to go. "We shall feel such a warm interest in our girls."

"I shall be very glad, ma'am, for Patty to earn an honest living," said the man, "any way, but there's all these here little ones to see to; that's why she ain't been out afore."

"True, true; but she can set them right before she comes out, and be back to feed them in the middle of the day and out again in the evening, and be home again to get your supper," she said, smiling. "We shall have excellent rules for our girls, and if they are good, and steady, and honest, they will not regret joining our brigade, I know. I fear, my dear," she said, turning to Patty, "these flowers will not be fresh enough to sell by to-morrow; let me buy them of you," depositing twice their value in Patty's hand; "get more to-morrow, and come to us in the evening to tell your success and get your dress."

Patty felt no longer tired when the door closed on their strange guest. Like magic, the spirit of kindness and encouragement had acted on them all, and baby submitted with better grace to be put to bed, for Patty was actually singing, putting to some wild melody she had heard in the streets the words of her plaintive cry, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" It lulled baby to sleep; the boys had left off fighting since the strange lady had come, and somehow all was changed, brightened and bettered.

Patty, with some of the money the lady had given her, bought a comfortable supper for them all, and two unusual guests supped with them—Hope and Faith. When they sat down to the table, Morris said: "Patty, here, you see, is the daily bread we asked for."

All ye whose lot is brighter and happier than this poor girl's, think of such as her, pity and help them as far as you are able, and bestow out of the abundance with which God has blessed you, if only a penny, on the cold and hungry sisters who cry: "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?"

Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

A CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity and render deformity itself agreeable.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THE BLESSINGS OF THE YEAR.



PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice;
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful thanks and solemn praise.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ESTHER'S ERROR.

WE lived in a pretty cottage nestling at the foot of green hills; and a very happy pair we were, my mother and I. Our solitude was rarely broken by visitors; nor had we any wish to leave our peaceful abode, even for a short season, in search of change. We had lived long enough at Fernely for the soft chestnut hair of my mother to turn gray, and for myself to pass that debatable ground which separates womanhood from even nominal girlhood.

We had more than sufficient for our simple wants; and Fernely, with its pretty fields and trees, large garden and ivy-covered cottage, was our own. We needed but one "neat-handed Phyllis" for our small *ménage*—for most of the household duties were my charge and delight—in fact, if any two were happy and content

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
To keep the even tenor of their way,"

we were the two.

One fair June morning, the earnest of a hot day, as I was tying back some branches of a glorious "multiflora" that would soon have darkened our little parlor window with its luxuriance, a letter arrived which threatened to disturb, for a time at least, the tranquillity of our peaceful home. It was from my mother's sister, and ran as follows:

"14 Clifford Street, June 10th, 18—.

"DEAR HELEN: Will you invite Katherine for a short time to Orme? You have not seen her since she was quite a little girl. You doubtless remember what a delicate child she was; and so you will not be surprised to learn that this, her first London season, has been too much for her. The doctor has ordered her entire rest. I do not feel equal to rustication, even at pretty Fernely; besides, I have accepted an invitation to dear Lady Silverton's, and, of course, in the circumstances, Brighton is out of the question for Katie. Send me a line by return, dear. I hope Esther is well.

"Your affectionate sister,
"ESTHER HAWARDEN."

We could do nothing but send back a cordial invitation to Katherine, although, it must be confessed, we awaited with some apprehension the arrival of so fashionable a young lady.

Aunt Esther had made what is commonly called a "good" match; she had married a wealthy and influential man of good family, and, in consequence, had lived for many years in a sphere very different from ours. On the death of her husband, Aunt Esther pressed us to come and live with her, urging the advantage which an introduction to society would be to myself. But I was then old enough to judge; and accordingly I preferred to

remain at Orme with my mother, who was much relieved by my decision; so we settled down to our happy but monotonous life.

For the next few days after our invitation had been dispatched, I was incessantly busy preparing for the arrival of my unknown cousin. The pretty room facing the hills and overlooking a lovely wilderness of flowers in a corner of the garden set specially apart for my bees, was prepared for Katherine; and, when all was complete, I surveyed with much satisfaction the snowy curtains and book-shelves laden with selections from the works of my favorite authors, the bouquets of choice roses, and pretty ornaments and statuettes—my girlhood's treasures—arranged and rearranged till even the most fastidious could find no fault.

When the hour at last arrived for my cousin's advent, and I heard the long-expected sound of wheels, I ran down into the garden and waited with a feeling of excitement very new to me. My mother came to the door with a pale pink flush on her sweet face, and kindly welcome in look and word.

I saw a slight figure jump from the carriage and run lightly up the steps, and then clasping arms thrown round my mother, while a voice, the most musical that I had ever heard, exclaimed: "Aunt Nellie, how good of you to have me! And how lovely Fernely is! I have never seen anything so charming!"

"You are very welcome, Katherine! We are both glad to see you. Esther has been watching for you all the afternoon, I think."

On hearing my name, she turned and held out her hand to me, saying, in a winning way: "Are you Cousin Esther? I have so often heard of you from mamma; but I can scarcely remember you myself, for I was only a mite of a child when you were in London; wasn't I?"

I could hardly answer, I was so taken by surprise. Instead of the delicate young lady of fashion I had expected and nerved myself to meet, I saw standing among my roses one no less lovely than a rose herself, with the tint of sunset on her fair blooming cheek, with laughing, deep blue eyes and golden-brown hair—a face I had sometimes pictured to myself, but till then had never dreamed could really be. She was so slender and graceful that one did not realize at first that she was tall. She laughingly looked down at me, saying; "I am taller than you, cousin, though I am only seventeen!"

"Divinely tall, and most divinely fair,"

I quoted to myself. And yet we called her "little Katie" long before the evening was over. She was so child-like in her gayety, so grateful for any kindness or attention, and so caressing in her ways and words, that we took her into our hearts at once, and felt the house the sweeter for her coming.

Katie was delighted with her room. She admired everything, kneeling down beside the roses and burying her fair face in the blossoms. And, when we spoke of my books, I found that she was better acquainted with them than I, and that this fairy-like cousin of mine escaped only by her youth and beauty from being a blue-stocking.

When I went to my mother's room, as was my custom, to bid her good night and talk over the events of the day, we both, as if by mutual consent, commenced sounding the praises of Katie. I was most charmed by her beauty and winning grace, and my mother by her simplicity and intense appreciation of our efforts to please her.

"Not at all spoiled by the world; and yet I hear that she has had enough admiration to turn an older head. Nor do I think she owes much to training, either; if we may judge by Katie's own account, dear Esther seems to have left her very much to governesses."

"Not like you, mother," I whispered, kneeling by her side and resting my head against her.

It was our one time for petting; never demonstrative in the day-time, at night there always sprang into my heart a stream of never-dying love for my gentle mother—a love perhaps the more passionate, tender and clinging from its utter undividedness—for we had no one but each other, she and I.

"I wonder if Katie is engaged?" I speculated, woman-fashion. "I don't think so; she would have told us—for she is so very communicative. Well, I shall ask her when I know her better."

But I was mistaken. Katie did not volunteer any information on the subject, and a feeling of delicacy forbade my questioning her. She spoke most frequently of her half-brother, and her little head seemed very free from love-fancies.

The summer weeks passed swiftly and pleasantly. I found my cousin an invaluable assistant in the garden. She loved flowers with a passion that I could not understand, and tended them more devotedly than I had ever done even in my hours of loneliness.

How well I remember one evening in July! I had just finished watering some lilies. Katie, with her arms full of little branches and flowers, and with rose-buds nestling in her sunny hair, looked like the picture of summer, standing in silent admiration before her favorites. I reproved her half-seriously for her devotion to things so fragile and insentient.

"Do not scold me, cousin!" she said, coaxingly. "I cannot help loving them, they are so sweet and beautiful! Besides, I have a theory about flowers which enables me to forget their fragility."

"What is it, dear?"

"I hardly like to tell you, you will think me so unorthodox. But I cannot help believing that the blossoms which die out here live again in a fairer

world than this—even a fairy bit of mosaic—and that we shall see our flowers again."

"You are very fanciful, Katherine!"

"And you are very severe, cousin! You little Puritan maiden, mayn't I dream pretty dreams sometimes, if I like?"

As she spoke, I heard a step on the gravel, and, turning, saw a gentleman to whom I had been introduced in the morning during Katie's absence—our new Vicar, the Reverend Leslie Stuart.

I bowed; but he did not see me. He was looking with evident admiration and surprise at Katie, and, as I followed his glance, I, too, felt the wonderful fascination of her beauty.

It was with a feeling of some pride that I presented my lovely cousin to the vicar, who bowed sedately, and with scarcely sufficient cordiality, I thought.

Katie dropped her burden of twigs and flowers to shake hands with Mr. Stuart, saying, laughingly: "I am under-gardener to Esther, Mr. Stuart, and, in consequence, she makes me do the pruning while she waters the lilies."

"That is scarcely a fair arrangement, I think," answered the vicar, smiling, as I began an indignant denial.

For the fact was, Katie did in the garden, as elsewhere, exactly what she pleased, and I followed her instructions as meekly as she gave them; for Katie had a meek way of commanding that was charming in the extreme, but was authoritative, notwithstanding.

The vicar stayed for some time; and when he had gone, as I stood in the veranda thinking, Katie came behind me like a shadow, and, slipping her arm round my waist, said half-mischievously, half-lovingly: "Is that your *fiancé*, Esther?"

The blood sprang into my face as I answered indignantly: "I am surprised, Katie! Could you not see that we were strangers? I met Mr. Stuart this morning for the first time. How could you think of anything so absurd?"

"Because, mademoiselle, I noticed how warmly he greeted you, and how his eyes sought your face whenever he made a remark this evening; and you were so silent."

"Don't talk nonsense, Katie!"

But a pleasant sensation ran through me, and perhaps made itself visible in my face, for Katie continued in the same strain, with a large admixture of teasing, for some time.

The next day we met the vicar during one of our rambles, and he joined us in a long walk to the top of the hill. We talked of sketching, and he asked permission to guide us to a lovely spot, of which he said he was the discoverer. So a few days afterwards we made a lovely addition to our portfolios, under the direction of Mr. Stuart, who was delighted at having found a treasure unknown to us.

"It is a source of much regret to me that I cannot sketch," he said, turning to me; "but perhaps, Miss Alleyne, you will be so good as to give me a little copy of this some day?"

As I promised to accede to his wish, Katie gave me a mischievous look, and for the second time I felt myself change color unpleasantly. I had lived so retired a life that badinage in any form was very unfamiliar to me; and I returned Katie's glance with a look intended to be both reproachful and angry.

After this, Leslie Stuart was our almost constant companion in our walks. He seemed to have a special gift for discovering lovely bits of scenery, and he knew more of art than many a *soi-disant* artist.

One day we three were seated under the shade of some lofty trees; Katie was resting by my side, with her head on my shoulder, and Leslie Stuart sat a little below us, reading aloud the *Morte d'Arthur*. As he read, I looked earnestly at him. We had known him some weeks now, and in this lonely village were more friendly than we should have been after months of town-life.

I wonder if I can describe Leslie Stuart! He was tall, and very slight; his face was pale, almost worn, with the weary look of over-study. He had dark, curling hair and deep gray eyes. He was more than thirty years of age, and looked still older, and was decidedly more clever-looking than handsome. Is that Leslie Stuart? No; it is only an outline of him, and might stand for many other men.

As I gazed, I felt suddenly an intense desire to know if Katie were wrong in her oft-avowed belief that he cared for me. He raised his eyes toward us, and, meeting my glance, looked away with heightened color, and suddenly closed the book, saying abruptly: "I think Miss Hawarden is asleep; and you are not listening, I am afraid."

"I am not asleep," said Katie, slowly opening her big blue eyes. "But I don't think that the poem you have been reading is equal to the 'Idylls,' do you?"

"No; and yet one can compare Tennyson only with himself."

"It is time to return," I remarked, rising. I felt as though I could not discuss Tennyson just then; and, as I glanced at Leslie Stuart, I saw that the flush had not yet died away from his cheek and brow.

We separated at the garden gate, the vicar declining to enter, as he said that he was compelled to return at once.

"I shall see you to-morrow, if all be well," he added, smiling. "Good-bye, Miss Hawarden; good-bye, Esther."

"Ah," whispered Katie—"ah, little Puritan maiden! How long has Mr. Stuart called you 'Esther?'"

"Never before! It must have been a mistake, through hearing you say 'Esther' so continually," I replied, confusedly, retreating up-stairs; while Katie laughed and followed me, saying:

"I shall call him 'King Ahasuerus' for the future, Esther."

"You naughty girl! I do wish you could learn to be sensible. I am much too old for such badinage."

And, so saying, I ran into my room, locked the door, and, like a true woman, sat down to cry a little. For I knew that I loved Leslie Stuart. I reproached myself when I remembered that Katie's teasing, which ought to have been distasteful to me, was, on the contrary, rather pleasant, as it served to keep awake the sometimes dormant hope that I was not altogether mistaken in the belief that Leslie cared for me.

"It is absurd!" I cried, half-aloud. "I am growing utterly foolish! I shall soon despise myself! And yet he called me 'Esther!'"

The next day—it was early in September—as we were sitting in our little parlor, busied in needlework, my mother asked me suddenly:

"Why is Mr. Stuart so often here, my dear?"

"Indeed I cannot tell! I suppose he finds very little society in Orme, and is therefore glad to obtain what companionship he can in us."

"Does he ever speak of his family?"

"No; strange to say, I have never heard him mention his home or his friends. Have you, Katie?"

Just as Katie was about to answer, we heard a well-known step on the graveled path, and Mr. Stuart entered.

"Are you coming out to-day, ladies? It is almost too warm for the house, I think; and I have brought the new poem I promised, if you care still to hear it," he said, after our usual friendly greeting.

So we three set out for our favorite resting-place in the woods; and there, in the grateful shade, Leslie read to us a poem.

It was the touching story of a lost love, told with wonderful pathos and passion, filled with beautiful imagery, and strangely sweet and wild.

"That is a true poem," I said, as he closed the book. "Who wrote it?"

"No name is given," he replied; and something in his tone struck me and made me look at him.

Then I knew that Leslie had written the poem, and that under his cold and calm exterior there burned the fire of genius and the passion and pain of a spirit striving with itself.

We were silent for a few moments, and then Katie exclaimed, springing from her place by my side: "Oh, what a glorious butterfly! It is the 'Emperor!' Do not move, Mr. Stuart; I will chase it myself!" And away she ran in pursuit of the gorgeous-winged insect, leaving us alone.

Leslie turned over the leaves of his book, as though looking for something; and then, handing it to me, he pointed to the following lines:

"There be some lives
Which, like the troubled ocean, fret and dash
Against impervious rock, and evermore,
Wearied and wasted with the fruitless strife,
Moan on the sands till Time, with folded wings,
Sinks on the bosom of Eternity."

I read the lines, but did not speak. After a few moments of silence, I rose, saying: "Let us find Katie; it is growing late."

"Stay one minute, Esther!" he said, in a low, hurried voice, laying a detaining hand on my arm; and, looking down at me with questioning eyes and tremulous lips, he added: "Is there any hope for me, Esther?"

I could not reply. I felt my heart give a sudden throb, and then almost stand still; the tears rose to my eyes, and, almost involuntarily, I stepped forward to go away.

"Ah," he said, "I beg your pardon! I ought not to have appealed to you so suddenly, perhaps; but I could not help it. Yet, won't you answer my question? Is there any hope for me?"

"I—I don't know!" I stammered. "Yes; I think so."

I did not dare to raise my eyes, feeling happy with a happiness that I had little dreamed could ever be for me. Suddenly the sharp report of a gun rang through the woods, followed by a wild scream.

"Katie!" I cried. "O Leslie, what has happened?"

We rushed into the tangled coppice of shrubs, briars and bracken, going in the direction whence the sound had proceeded; and there, amid the ferns, white and motionless, with a red stream flowing from her shoulder, lay Katie.

"Oh, who—who has done this? Katie, speak! Is she dead, Leslie? Katie!"

But he did not answer me; he was kneeling by her side and endeavoring to stanch the blood which was flowing from the wound; a look of agony was on his white face, and I heard him cry brokenly: "Katherine—Katherine, my darling—my little Katie—are you dead?"

I stood as though turned to stone, forgetful for the moment of Katie's danger. What did it all mean? Had not the man kneeling by my cousin's side but a moment before been pleading with me for hope? And yet—

Ah, I saw it all then! Like a torrent, a flood of bitter thoughts rushed through my brain. Vain conceited fool that I had been! He to think of me—he! And then the peril of Katie's position came back to me; and, kneeling by Leslie's side, I raised my cousin in my arms.

"Go quickly, Mr. Stuart—there is a cottage

very near—and bring some water and assistance, and send any one you can find for the doctor!"

Without a word, he sprang up and disappeared in the bushes, while at the same moment appeared on the other side a tall young man with a terribly scared look.

"Good Heaven, what have I done? I heard a cry, but went in the wrong direction. Is she killed?" he exclaimed, as he saw Katie.

"No, I do not think so. O Katie—darling!"

The new-comer bent by my side, pallid and trembling, saying, as he raised Katie's hand: "I was on my way to join a shooting party on the hills; but, as I passed through the wood, I thought I saw a rabbit and fired. Heaven forbid that I am a murderer!"

I could not answer; my heart was almost breaking with self-reproach. If she should die—little Katie! And I had thought of myself before her! How earnestly I prayed for her life! I would never harbor a jealous thought of her; for how could Leslie Stuart help loving one so good and lovely.

Leslie soon returned, bringing all the restoratives obtainable at so short a notice, with a plentiful supply of water. I bathed Katie's face and hands, and moistened her lips; and presently we had the unspeakable joy of seeing the deep blue eyes open, and of hearing her say: "What is it, Esther dear? Am I very much hurt?"

"No, darling, I trust not," I answered, turning away to hide the rush of thankful tears which I could not repress. My little Katie, how dearly I loved her!

Very gently and lovingly we carried her home, the young squire assisting to bear the impromptu litter. The doctor soon made his welcome appearance, cheering all hearts with the glad intelligence that the wound was very slight; and, after all possible care and attention, Katie fell asleep, with my mother watching by her side.

As I stepped noiselessly to the bedside, my mother whispered: "Mr. Stuart wished to speak to you, Esther; but I told him that you were too frightened and ill to speak to any one just yet. Go, my dear, and lie down, for you look whiter than poor little Katie."

So I went obediently to my own room and endeavored to sleep; but the effort at first was futile. Shame and bitter self-upbraiding for my mistake and the torture of disappointed love—love which I felt I could never subdue—filled by breast; at length, after some hours, and when worn out with excitement, I fell asleep.

The next day a note came from Leslie Stuart, saying that he was called suddenly to London, and praying for daily tidings of Katie. He gave an address at an hotel. The duty of sending these bulletins devolved upon me; and I wrote as tersely and coldly as possible, the answers coming

to my mother in the form of a brief note of thanks.

One of the daily callers at our house now was Cyril Thorne, the hapless author of all this mischief; and presents of flowers, fruit, fish and game came from the Hall in such profusion that at length my mother laughingly begged for a cessation.

When Katie was able to be moved to the parlor sofa, Cyril spent as many hours as he was permitted at her side. It was quite evident that Katie had wounded him far more deeply than he had wounded her; in fact, he made no secret of his devotion. She asked frequently after Leslie Stuart, and expressed much surprise at his absence. I always left my mother to answer these questions, as I felt that I could not mention him to her yet.

A fortnight after the accident, one sweet evening in early autumn, Katie called me to her, and, resting her golden head on my shoulder, said: "I have a secret to tell you, cousin, when it is quite dusk; I cannot tell you before."

I feared that she would feel how passionately my heart was beating as I replied, steadying my voice as much as possible: "You need not wait till the dusk, darling. I know it already."

"Know that he loves me?"

"Yes, since the day of your accident."

She raised her head a little, and said, blushing and smiling: "Yes, he said it was love at first sight! To-day he asked me to be his wife; and I have consented, if mamma approves. She will, I am sure; for, you see, Esther, I shall be 'the lady of the Hall.'"

"To-day—'the lady of the hall!' Are you speaking of Cyril Thorne, Katherine?"

"Of course I am," replied Katie, sitting upright in her astonishment. "Whom did you mean? Old Dr. Marden?"

I resolved to answer, even if the words choked me.

"I meant Leslie Stuart, Katherine. It is he who loves you."

"Yes," said Katie, demurely; "so he does. But I never trespass on other people's preserves, Esther darling."

"Hush, Katie! Never speak of such a thing again. It is you and you alone that Leslie Stuart loves. I saw it when you were shot, Katie. You cannot realize the depth of such love as his."

Katie threw her arms round me, drew my face, hot and tear-stained, down to her own and said: "O Esther, is that what it is? I did not know why you were so pale and changed. I thought that Leslie's absence was caused by your rejection of his suit. Darling, I have played a practical joke on you—at least, I have plotted a romance, like the foolish girl I am. Certainly Leslie was a long time before he would agree to it. He is my father's eldest son, my own half-brother.

Don't you know that my father had to change his name when rich Aunt Mary left him the Cedars? Leslie is like my own brother, and, Esther dear, he loves you. It is the dream of his life to win you."

When I could answer, I said: "He has never written to me, Katie—not once during this long fortnight."

"He never believed that you could love him. You know how vexed you used to be when I teased you, little Puritan maiden. What were your letters like to him?"

I remembered their studied frigid politeness, the ultra-coldness which my wounded pride had dictated, and was silent.

Had I lost him? The answer came that evening when Leslie Stuart appeared among us again. And, as we walked in the garden, beneath the glowing light of the harvest-moon, Leslie wooed and won me for his wife; and I told him with smiles and tears the story of ESTHER'S ERROR.

CURIOUS USES AND WORKS OF ANTS.

AT the recent Southboro session of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Prof. E. S. Morse gave the following curious particulars about ants:

The ant belongs to a family of insects such as wasps, bees, hornets, but is the superior of them all, as are the elephant, the horse and the dog in other lines of animal life. Ants are constructed with the "back" bone in front, and the heart and other internal organs on the opposite side are put together upside down, as we might think. Their mouth is for biting and swallowing food only, not for breathing. Their bite is so determined and lasting, that they are used in some countries for confining the edges of wounds and cuts. Ants' heads are presented to the cut surface, which they grasp with their nippers, when their bodies are cut off, leaving a whole row of them to hold the flesh. They are cheaper than sticking-plaster in some countries.

As an illustration of their ingenuity and intelligence, it was stated that they sometimes excavate tunnels under rivers of considerable depth and width, and use the tunnels for transporting supplies. They dig wells twenty feet deep and a foot in diameter for drinking-water. The harvesting ants plant seeds on farms, which they cultivate with great skill and neatness, keeping every weed down and harvesting the grain, curing and storing it safely in weather-proof cavities in the soil. They also organize into divisions with commanders, each individual doing a certain kind of work. Some ants are smart enough for engineers, while others only know enough to do as they are told. They can count and make correct estimates of the magnitude of an undertaking, as proved by observers.

LESTER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT a restful season it was to the tired and homesick heart! Every day brought its measure of strength, and, ere long, she was able to take long rambles with the children over the hills and along the river, where they had gathered flowers before she went away. The health tints deepened upon her cheek, and the emaciated form regained its rounded proportions under the influence of all this peace and happiness; but Lelia was changed. The quiet contentment which had settled over her was not like girlish gayety, and she grew earnest and thoughtful over the long letters which she received from Lester, reminding her so much of those he used to write during the months preceding the time when she became his wife.

He wrote of his loneliness, and how sadly he missed her whenever he entered the rooms where he had been accustomed to see her, and that she need not be surprised if he came for her sooner than he had at first intended, for home was nothing without her.

All this was very grateful to the heart of the young wife; but, try as she would, she could not wholly banish the shadow of her former disappointment, nor forget the bitter, unavailing longing for tenderness withheld, nor feel the perfect trust in his assurances of life-long devotion, after he had once informed her that all husbands abandoned, more or less, the character of the lover, after the object of their regard had been secured. Yet her heart turned back to him lovingly, and she truly sympathized with his loneliness in that gloomy house.

Another subject that troubled and perplexed her was the nature of her feelings toward her husband's mother and sisters. She felt in duty bound to love and respect them, and she thought that it must be owing to some dire wickedness of her own heart that she did not. She finally convinced herself that she was not wanting in respect, but she did not, and could not, properly appreciate their kindness to her, nor regard them with anything like the affection which she felt toward her own mother and sister, which her conscience told her was very undutiful.

"Of what are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Lambert one day, after Lelia had been silent for some time, and the thoughtful expression of her features had deepened into almost painful earnestness.

"I scarcely know how to tell you," she answered, slowly; "but there are things pertaining to my changed position upon which I need more light. I want to do exactly right, but the way is not always clear. How often I have longed for some one older and wiser than I who could understand

all my feelings, and teach me to be a better and nobler woman. It is not enough for me that others hold me in high esteem, but I want to root out all the wicked and ungrateful feelings of my heart, that I may have a deeper respect for myself."

"Wicked and ungrateful?" said Mrs. Lambert, inquiringly. "You must have changed greatly, if such words can be applied to you, for you were always very conscientious and anxious to do right."

"I want not only to *do* right, but to *feel* right; but some way I cannot. I had no idea of the duties and responsibilities of a wife, as mother Bond has impressed it upon me. I would scarcely have dared to have undertaken so important a step if I had previously understood it as she does. I was young and inexperienced; and from the very first they began to teach me the duties which my new position imposed upon me. Of course it was a matter of no especial interest to them; and yet they took as much pains in teaching me as if I were a child whose education depended entirely upon their kindness; and in return for all this I was not grateful, nor even willing to put up with little peculiarities of temper which my ignorance and childishness called forth. Of course when Cynthia compelled me to undo my work, and remake a garment under her supervision, it was a great deal of trouble which she voluntarily took for my own good, and for my life I could not feel grateful; I felt guilty that I did not, but it was a fact nevertheless. They have placed me under such obligations a thousand times, but instead of being thankful for their disinterested kindness, while accepting and learning it all for Lester's sake, I have been angry and resentful all the time, especially when I had done as you had taught me, and they disapproved, and insisted upon a better way of their own."

Mrs. Lambert was a keen observer, and she knew that all this had been done more to gratify an overbearing and tyrannical disposition than from any kindlier motive; but to give her daughter correct ideas in regard to her own rights, without prejudicing her mind against those who were so closely allied to her husband, required tact.

"There are a great many things to be considered," she said at length. "Your characteristics are in strong contrast with those of the women with whom you have to deal. Lester seems very different from his mother and sisters, and I am sure that whatever he possesses of affection or self-denial must have been inherited from his father."

"Yes," answered Lelia, "I have heard his mother say, when I first went there, and his manner toward me was particularly kind and affectionate, that he did not inherit any such weakness from her."

"Upon this very 'weakness' depends the hap-

pineness of such a person as you; and when you are established in a home of your own, I trust that whatever unpleasantness there may have been in your intercourse with his mother and sisters will be avoided. It is well to treat all their suggestions with proper respect; but your affairs are just as much your own as theirs are their own. If you make a garment, and it pleases you, no one has any right to compel you to remake it to please her; neither has any person any more right to come into your house and dictate to you than you have to do the same by her. In selecting carpets and furniture for your dwelling, judgment should be used in choosing good and durable articles; but no one has a right to say that the figure of your carpet shall be in squares when you prefer flowers, or that the paper upon the walls shall be of one shade when you prefer another; you are not a child, to be reproved and corrected, but a woman, with just the same rights as any other woman; and no doubt there will be times when it will be your duty to assert your rights. In regard to the 'wicked lack of gratitude,' which seems to weigh so heavily upon your conscience, whatever is done in real kindness merits your gratitude; but I cannot see that duty requires you to be so very thankful for favors that are forced upon you against your will.

"Of the duties and responsibilities of a wife you need have no fear; for, loving Lester as you do, your treatment will be all that he can desire, if you merely act in accordance with the impulses of your own heart. Would you count it a wearisome task to keep the house which he provides for you, and allows you to furnish and beautify according to your own ideas of a bright and cheerful home, in such order that he will look forward to its inviting pleasures, when tired and worn with dealing with the unsympathizing world outside?"

"A task? It would be my greatest happiness," answered Lelia, enthusiastically.

"Where, then, is the crushing responsibility of which you spoke, since this is one of your principal duties?" asked the mother. "To have a neat and orderly home, however, should not constitute the entire range of a woman's ambition; she should read and study, that she may command the respect of her husband by being a sensible and agreeable companion, as well as a neat and tidy housekeeper. The domestic duties are incumbent upon every wife, but she should not be satisfied with merely ministering to the physical comforts of her family, but make use of every opportunity afforded her for becoming cultured and refined; but the highest degree of intelligence cannot be attained by one who devotes the greater share of her leisure to crotchet and embroidery; and I hope, by a judicious use of your time, that you will be able to make your home one of taste

and refinement, and yourself a woman so intelligent and entertaining that your husband will be proud and happy to see you established in your new position."

"I shall be so happy, mother!" exclaimed Lelia, with kindling enthusiasm, and light seemed breaking through the clouds which had cast a shadow over her spirits, and with the aid of her mother's kindly counsels, she cast aside the doubts that had perplexed her, and allowed her mind to revel in bright visions of the happy home to which her husband would soon call her.

Her fancy pictured every room, the very shades and tints of coloring which should predominate in each; the graceful folds of every curtain, the homelike beauty and brightness contrasting with the prim order of the Bond residence, and above everything else, Lester all her own; with no stern models of propriety to frown upon her childishness, if she should nestle closely to his side and allow her hand to rest in his strong, magnetic clasp. And in the midst of all this beauty and brightness he would never grow cold and indifferent toward her again!

"Well, I suppose there's nothing left us but to admit that that meek-looking, baby-faced woman has outgeneraled us and obtained an influence over Lester greater than the combined persuasions of his mother and both his sisters," said Cynthia, after having failed to induce her brother to insist authoritatively upon the postponement of Lelia's visit.

Mrs. Bond declared that there was a stubbornness in her demeanor, that she had never manifested before, in deciding for herself and adhering to her decision, and concluded by saying that after being exposed to that woman's influence, she would return perfectly unmanageable, and with the advantage of being in her own house, they could scarcely hope to reduce her to her former submission or to eradicate her mother's ways, to which she would probably return when she was established in a home of her own.

"My patience with Lester is completely exhausted," said Louisa; "here we have been for a whole year, teaching and training the child that he brought home as his wife; and after we had succeeded in conquering her will, and making her all that we desired, with a man's ignorance and want of foresight, he must go and spoil all our work, and give us the humiliation of defeat besides. He deserves nothing more at our hands."

"And after she has the house furnished according to her own views, no matter how flashy it may be, he will think it all in excellent taste, and although he will not express it in words, he will consider it superior to the arrangement of our own home," said Cynthia.

"Yes, and fall into the habit of thinking us a superannuated set, whose home-making is not to be compared with the cheeriness of his young wife," said Louisa.

"If we could manage to furnish the house according to our own wishes, before she arrives, it would give us a decided advantage," said Cynthia; "and if I can accomplish that, I promise you that our brother's entire household shall be managed after the approved Bond fashion."

"You will have a more independent and self-reliant person to deal with when she returns, and I have serious doubts of your success," answered Louisa.

"I know Lelia's peculiarities: gratitude is one of her weaknesses—if she thinks that we have intended a kindness, she feels in duty bound to be thankful, and to receive it accordingly, no matter how much rather she would that the thing had not been done. After we have furnished the house, I shall kindly offer to stay with them a few weeks, to help her to get the household machinery to running in the right channel, and you may trust me to manage her after that," said Cynthia.

"You are good at planning, I must admit," said Louisa, "and if she cannot be managed in the way that you have mentioned, it cannot be done in no other manner."

To Lester there was a settled loneliness about the house after his wife had gone, a cheerlessness that made him dread to enter when he returned from his office; and he began to look eagerly forward to her return, and to hasten the preparation of their future home.

His mother and sisters spoke kindly of her, and even affectionately for them, and manifested a very kindly interest in everything pertaining to the new household, frequently overlooking the improvements which he was adding to the building, and suggesting still greater conveniences.

At length it was completed, and Lester decided to start upon his journey for the purpose of bringing Lelia home, upon the following day.

"What a pleasant surprise it would be to Lelia to find the house completely furnished and ready for her occupation when she arrives!" said Cynthia, with the manner of one who is suddenly struck with a new idea.

"And how much care and trouble it would save," said Louisa. "She has never had the work of buying carpets, curtains, and all the necessary articles which it takes to furnish a house, and no doubt would be glad to be relieved of the responsibility," said Louisa.

"She may not be strong enough to undertake it herself, especially since you are bringing her home so much sooner than you had at first intended. What do you say, Lester, to allowing us to put the house in complete living order before she returns? We will gladly undertake it for the sake

of giving her a pleasant surprise when she arrives."

And, having convinced him that they were really anxious to do her a kindness, he placed money at their disposal, and they exultingly began the work.

It was a pleasant afternoon when Lester arrived, and Lelia stood at the gate awaiting him. He paused for a moment in utter astonishment, as if scarcely believing that the radiant creature who stood before him, with health-tints glowing upon her cheeks, and sparkling from her eyes, and words of joyous welcome upon her lips, could be identical with the pale and emaciated woman from whom he had parted a few weeks before.

"The Lelia of my youthful dreams!" he said, playfully; "but I see that you did not pine away for my sake."

"No, I grew strong and well for your sake, which I thought would please you better," she answered, laughingly; "and I am very glad to see you, Lester."

"I could not stay away another day," he said; "you can scarcely imagine how lonely I have been. What is home when the light has gone from it? But do you feel willing to return with me to the scenes where you have suffered so much of pain and weariness?"

"I would follow you to the ends of the earth," she answered, with all the old-time trustfulness trembling in her voice.

After a few days spent in visiting and driving about among familiar scenes, in company with her mother and the children, they set out upon their return. The little ones were soothed with promises of visiting Lelia in her own home, and she thought that she was at liberty to invite and receive them did much toward reconciling Lelia to the parting, and she finally rallied her spirits enough to reply to Lester, as he attempted to direct her mind from regretful memories.

"You have no idea how much mother and the girls have missed you," he said. "It is so unusual for them to manifest any affection for any one, that I was really surprised at their regard for you. They were actually anxious to see me start upon this journey, and are preparing a surprise for you, which will require a great deal of labor and pains-taking upon their part. It was more than I felt really willing to accept; but they were so anxious to do something for you, that I finally consented to let them furnish the house, and have it all ready for our occupation when we arrive; they feared that you might not be strong enough to undertake it yourself, but I think that one glance at your rosy face will convince them that your health is fully restored."

Lelia was looking from the window across the flowery landscape through which they were passing, and she purposely turned her face away, that

he might not see the look of disappointment that swept across her features, as all her visions of beauty and loveliness were scattered in a single moment.

"I am wicked and ungrateful," she said to herself, as she tried to repress the tears that filled her eyes. "It is more than I deserved," she said to him, still keeping her face turned away.

"They did not seem to think so, and I have always regarded them as women of excellent judgment," he said, playfully.

"It was real disinterested kindness; for, as mother said, the appearance of my home could be only a matter of indifference to occasional visitors; but I wish they would not treat me with so much more consideration than I deserve," she thought, vainly trying to imagine some real prettiness that they had designed. "And I am so ungrateful that I cannot appreciate that which has cost them so much labor and painstaking! I must, I will be thankful!" and then turning her truthful eyes upon her husband's face, she said: "Lester, I really am unworthy of all this kindness, but I will try to be more deserving."

"You eccentric little creature!" he said, laughingly, "what a modest opinion you do entertain of your own merits."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day was drawing to a close when they arrived at the Bond residence, where they found the mother and sisters impatiently waiting them. They appeared far more pleased to see her than she had anticipated, and the apparent cordiality of their greeting strengthened her resolution to be grateful, in spite of her unthankful heart; but how little did she suspect that half their pleasure arose from the anticipation of witnessing her disappointment, when she should be shown over her house.

On the following day they all went down to inspect the new residence. It had formerly been owned by a man of refined taste; the grounds were carefully laid out, and presented a most inviting appearance as they passed through.

Lelia paused for a moment to admire the flowers and the shadowy trees, now in the full perfection of midsummer beauty, before entering the house in which so many pleasant fancies had been centered.

They passed along the hall, and Cynthia threw open the door of one of the rooms, saying: "This is the parlor."

It was pleasantly situated, with windows overlooking the tasteful grounds, but the first glance revealed the fact that it was a faithful reproduction of the parlor at the Bond residence. The carpet was of a dull, monotonous color, suggestive of great durability, but little beauty, and the sofa and chairs stood in prim, military-like order; along the walls, from which hung paintings of historic scenes, and the few ornaments which the puritanic views of the sisters had allowed, were arranged in

such precision that they looked as if they were doing penance for what little beauty they possessed. There was no graceful draping of the curtains falling in folds of fleecy whiteness, but they hung from their fastenings in straight, unyielding lines, as if giving an illustration of the laws of gravity.

Cynthia immediately began to give directions in regard to keeping the room in order, proper manner of dusting the furniture, etc., etc. This was done with such an overbearing and dictatorial air that, instead of the thankfulness which Lelia had fully determined to feel, she was irritated and resentful; but she reflected that she ought to be willing to overlook any little peculiarity of manner, after they had taken so much pains to please her.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Mrs. Bond, fixing a scrutinizing gaze upon her features.

"Everything is in perfect order, and the carpet and furniture look very durable," answered Lelia.

Cynthia and Louisa smiled and exchanged glances.

They went through the sleeping-rooms, and the prim precision of all the arrangements suggested to Lelia the idea of iron bedsteads. Here they gave explicit directions concerning the airing of the bedding, admitting fresh air to the rooms, and so many other matters, that Lelia began to wonder whether she was really in her own house, or only a servant, to whom they were intrusting the care of the dwelling.

They reached the kitchen, and here everything was conveniently arranged, drawers for the knives, another for the forks, another for spoons, others for spices, with convenient little cupboards, and everything in exact order, like all the rest of the house. For the first time, Lelia was shown a room in which she could truthfully express approval; she was pleased with the arrangement, and she thought she would make amends for her want of appreciation elsewhere, by expressing her thankfulness for this; but as she was about to do so, Cynthia turned to her and said, authoritatively: "Now, you observe, that we have put everything in proper order for you, and we shall expect you to keep it so."

"Is this your house, or mine?" were the words which rose to her lips; but remembering her great obligations to them, she said not a word.

They next proceeded to the sitting-room, and Lelia had a faint hope that some ray of brightness might have been allowed to creep in, just for the sake of variety; but Mrs. Bond threw open the door, saying: "This is the room in which you will spend most of your time, and we have taken especial pains to furnish it in a substantial manner."

It was even more somber and gloomy than the others. The walls were covered with paper of a dark blue color, with a yellow vine rambling through it, and the carpet suggested to Lelia the idea of an enormous checker-board in brown and

green squares. It was so dark and durable that there was not even a hope that it would wear out during her lifetime, and thus enable her to have another. Large photographs of the Bond family frowned down upon her from one side of the room; from the opposite wall was suspended a painting representing a shipwreck, with drowning wretches clinging to floating timbers; and from another side, in an expensive frame, was pictured the scene of a terrific conflagration, with half-clad victims escaping from the flames.

"What do you think of this?" asked Cynthia, smilingly.

"I am sure I ought to be very thankful to you for all the pains that you have taken," answered Lelia, looking so wretched and disappointed that the sisters could scarcely refrain from smiling.

"Of course we could not expect you, inexperienced as you are, to properly manage an establishment like this without further instructions than you have yet received, and so I will remain with you for a few weeks, and set the household machinery to running in proper grooves," said Cynthia.

This was the last feather; and without even trying to be thankful, Lelia walked out under the shadow of the trees to regain control of her feelings, and to hide the tears of disappointment that filled her eyes.

Cynthia and Louisa laughed heartily.

"She will have to practice deception for some time before she makes it a success. She evidently regards it as a duty to be pleased; but I never saw such a failure in all my life," said Louisa.

"Conscientious little puss; she hasn't told a single falsehood through it all. How careful she was to say that she *ought* to be thankful—not that she *really* was," said Cynthia.

"After all, does it not seem too bad to allow her so little privilege in her own home? Just think what a different appearance this room would have presented if she had furnished it—all beauty and brightness, just like herself," said Louisa.

"I don't care how it seems," replied Cynthia; "we have a hold upon her now that we could have obtained in no other way, and I shall take care to keep it. Lester has taken to petting her again, just as he did when he first brought her home; and if there is no counteracting influence, he will have her completely spoiled by his indulgence."

"He did not want us to notice it—he was ashamed of such weakness—but he was discontented and lonely all the time that she was away; and if she should completely reverse all our established rules of housekeeping, she could convince him that it was a better way," said Louisa.

"If I cannot positively eradicate his weakness, I will at least modify it, and Lelia shall find that

she is not to be petted and caressed like a baby," said Cynthia.

The young couple were soon established in their new home, with Cynthia as a sort of superior officer in the household. Her presence fell like a shadow over Lelia's happiness, for she did not attempt to make herself agreeable, but she was everywhere, superintending everything that the young wife did, and frequently announcing her willingness to stay until Lelia should be able to manage the household in strict accordance with her instructions.

The pleasant evenings which Lelia had anticipated when Lester would be at home, and they could talk over all their plans and prospects, without the restraint of a third person's presence, were among the illusions of the past. She could not stand by his chair and smooth back the dark locks from his forehead with caressing hands, nor nestle closely to his side in playful tenderness; but through all the tiresome evening she must sit with dignified demeanor, and listen to conversation in which she took no interest, or pay respectful attention while Cynthia read aloud in sharp, metallic tones.

And she was going to remain until she was able to manage the household after the systematic fashion of the Bonds.

She finally came to the conclusion to convince Cynthia of her ability as soon as possible, and after she was gone, there would be more freedom and no surveillance, and she could do as she pleased in regard to continuing in the path marked out for her.

Accordingly, she followed Cynthia's directions with a willingness and exactness that surprised and pleased Cynthia beyond measure. She offered no remonstrance, but obeyed as implicitly as a little child; and Cynthia congratulated herself upon her own sagacious plan.

But the weeks lengthened into months, and still she was willing to stay. Perhaps she found it pleasanter to live where she could rule the household than to reside where there were two others, with tempers and dispositions very much like her own. At any rate, Lelia began to fear that she had taken up her permanent residence with them, when Mrs. Bond was seized with an alarming illness, and Cynthia was summoned home.

Charging Lelia over and over to keep everything exactly as she left it, and assuring her that she would find time to come over every few days to see that nothing drifted out of its accustomed channel, she took her departure. She was presuming a great deal upon Lelia's unexpected submissiveness, never dreaming that there could be a hidden motive beneath all this apparent docility, although she had never doubted her desire to be rid of her presence.

The young wife found no opportunities for

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practicing the various little arts and devices by which she hoped to keep her husband from relapsing into that indifference which had cast so dark a shadow over her happiness in those other days; but that cold and cynical presence seemed to chill and repress every tender emotion with which it came in contact, and with an indescribable pain at her heart she missed, one by one, the lover-like attentions which had been so dear to her.

She had finally concluded that no person had a right to place her, unasked, under obligations requiring a complete sacrifice of all her rights in order to repay, and she resolved, by a determined effort, to rid herself of such constant thralldom. She would make the most of the present opportunity, and when Cynthia returned she would find her mistress of her own house.

In the first place, with Lester's permission, she would transform that dark and gloomy sitting-room into a picture of beauty and brightness such as she had intended that it should be. She accidentally learned that a lady friend had tried to purchase a carpet from the same piece from which hers had been taken, but it had all been sold. She walked down to her husband's office, and asked if he had any objections to allowing her to exchange for one of different hues, and to otherwise brighten the room to suit her own fancy.

"Please yourself," he answered, carelessly. "I rather think that you are lonely since Cynthia has gone, and want to do something to amuse yourself; but women do not generally consult their husbands upon little matters pertaining to their own affairs, and which are really none of the husband's business."

"And I suppose you wish me to do as other wives do?" she said, with a smile.

"I want you to learn to manage your household independently," he answered. "That is what Cynthia has kindly undertaken to teach you, and the sooner you learn it, the sooner we can cease to tax her kindness."

Lelia at once resolved to acquire this independence, which had never been hinted to her before, and with a rapidity that would astonish the whole family.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN should laugh, but not mock; and when they laugh, it should not be at the weaknesses or faults of others. They should be taught, as far as they are permitted, to concern themselves with the characters of those around them, to seek faithfully for good, not to lie in wait maliciously to make themselves merry with evil; they should be too painfully sensitive to wrong to smile at it, and too modest to constitute themselves its judges.

SPOSA MIA.

BEHIND the distant purpling hills
The golden sunset lingers,
And in the glowing western sky,
Painted by fairy fingers,
Is spread a panorama vast,
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

The faint, sweet scent of closing flowers
Perfumes the breath of even,
The birds sink softly to repose
Beneath a watching heaven,
And the calm twilight's gentle rays
Are better than the noontide's blaze.

The while Italia's sunset dies
In gold and purple glory;
Under the shadow of the hills
Is heard the sweet old story.
For, ah! it needeth not the light
Of full orb'd day to make it bright.

Yet think not 'tis a maiden's hand
My own are closely holding,
Or that a dainty girlish form
My arms are now enfolding,
Or a coy maiden's trembling breast
Throbs 'neath the lips so fondly pressed.

For, oh, a woman's noble heart
Against my own is beating,
Her glance of patient, trustful love
My gaze is calmly meeting—
While on each cheek a faint blush burns,
As she my loving glance returns.

Ah, Sposa Mia! loved unto
The utmost of thy longing,
How many memories and sweet
Into our hearts are thronging,
Even as changeful shadows fly
Athwart the placid evening sky.

Yet, Sposa Mia, while the glow
Of daylight slowly fadeth,
Thank God, no cloudlet of distrust
Our fond affection shadeth;
But faithful as yon changeless sun
Each for the other lives alone.

And when upon our love-lit lives
The sunset glory falleth,
When through the silence soft and deep
The dear death angel calleth,
Then may we find that life above,
The sweet perfection of our love.

RUTH ARGYLE.

WHAT OCTOBER BROUGHT US.

No. 2.

SOME of the scenery on the Cumberland River was very fine; the bold, wild, broken river-banks cut into deep gorges and dark, dewy ravines, where wild vines, and ferns, and beds of moss, like great cushions, lay so cool and sweet, brought all the women's faces close and eager to the windows, with delighted exclamations of pleasure. The very air was laden with the rare odor of the woods, sweeter than spices or the fragrance of the finest hot house exotics. Our thought was of poor sewing-girls and the toiling women in stifling cities, whose thin, white hands have constant warfare in keeping the wolf from the threshold. Better for them than gold, better than medicine, the woody odor coming up from the fresh ground, through moss, and fern, and winter-green, and arbutus.

Eastern Tennessee has been called the New England of the South—very properly, too, because of its barrenness, and from being shut off by its mountain ranges. The eastern part of the State is crossed by several ridges of the Allegheny Mountains, some of which have an elevation of over two thousand feet. Between the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers the country is hilly, but in the western part of the State it is comparatively level. That portion between the Mississippi and the Tennessee is of the alluvial and cretaceous formation of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic shores. Between the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers lie the extensive iron mines of the State. There are a great many caves in the limestone regions, but they are mostly unexplored. There are some which are one hundred feet deep and several miles in extent. In one of these caves, at the depth of four hundred feet, a stream of water has been discovered. A perpendicular opening in a mountain has never yet been fathomed. In some of the caves large deposits of fossil bones of extinct animals have been found, and in the Enchanted Mountain are seen the distinct impressions of the feet of men and animals in the limestone. In many places in the State are found interesting remains of ancient mounds and fortifications.

The climate of Tennessee is temperate and salubrious, except in some of the lowlands and river bottoms. The soil is fertile, except in the extreme mountainous regions, producing tobacco, cotton, corn, wheat, peaches, figs, grapes, and all the fruits and productions of the Southern temperate regions. The timber of the State is pine, oak, hickory, cedar, black walnut, maple, and the woodlands abound in such game as bears, deer, opossums, raccoons, foxes, etc. The country is rich in horses, cattle, sheep and swine.

Tennessee is an old State; the first settlement was formed in 1756, near Knoxville, which was then

a part of North Carolina. Nashville was settled at the close of the Revolution. In 1790, Tennessee was organized as a Territory with Kentucky, and in 1796 was admitted into the Union as a separate State. In January, 1861, the first proposal to secede from the Union was defeated, but in June it was carried by a majority of fifty-seven thousand. In 1870, the population was one million two hundred and fifty-eight thousand three hundred and seventy-three.

We were interested in the illicit distilleries, of which we had read so much, and it was with no unfeigned interest that we listened to a conversation on the subject, carried on by the little lady beside us and a gray, old brakeman, who had grown old in the faithful service in which he was engaged. To her there was something of romance connected with the crude distillation of whisky up among the mountain gorges and amid the rocky fastnesses by the poor, hunted, cadaverous, heavily-bearded moonshiners. The law said it is a traffic steeped in robbery and rascality, while she said: "Away out among the laurel and the ivy, in some obscure gorge among the wild mountains, the poor, lonely outlaw toils at his work of making whisky. There is nothing else he can do for the support of his wife and children. No one questions his right to his land and his orchard. He thinks his fruit is his own, and he may make of it what he pleases. The proceeds of his orchard have supplied the comforts of life to his family for many years. He is simply devoting his own property to his own use. The minions of the law, the sneaking detectives, have no business to interfere. They are like bloodhounds on the track for victims."

Custom makes law in these wild mountain regions; moonlight whisky has always been made, and the mountaineers think they have a right to make it. They look upon the revenue-men as spies.

Just then the train glided round a curve, and the sooty hand of the old brakeman pointed up the mountain-side with a, "Yon, yon's one of 'em, miss; you see the little shanty, no bigger'n a bird housen; that was where the fam'ly lived until he was 'rested and tuk off. A leetle trail run from there out back, and brought up in a cave like, and they did the'r distillin' in it. Somehow I allus felt sorry for Hauk Maynard. He didn't go into it voluntary. You see, miss, he fit through the war, all through; nobly, bravely, an' when peace come, there seemed to be nothin' for him to do. He had fit, an' starved, an' stuck to the cause through thick an' thin, an' after it was all over, r'ally he didn't know what to do with hisself. An' so he sort o' drifted into the business o' making whisky. He had to do something. Yes, I allus said Hauk drifted into it; 'twas'n't voluntary. An' when they got on Hauk's track, an' spied him out, he was done for. Things was safe up there, but

one of the officers come up on the blind side o' Hauk's wife, an' she never dreamed that he was a detective, an' she told him all and gave him a treat o' whisky, an' then he lit down on the still in the cave, an' Hauk stilled in the penitentiary. It most broke her heart, an' she tuk the children and went off into the region of the Big Bear Cave, and lives with one of her sisters."

What a pathetic little story! What poor, pitiful bits of heart-history one does find flitting by them, like dead leaves borne upon the wind! In its crude state this rudely-distilled whisky is white. The poor outlaws still manufacture, with their rude contrivances, a tolerable sort of the intoxicating beverage—and as long as moonlight whisky is made up in the cracks, and crevices, and gorges, and glens of the wild mountain ranges, so long will revenue detectives be shot; plots and plans be frustrated or successful; poor, cadaverous, keen-eyed distillers arrested, tried hurriedly, and then carried off to penitentiaries; frantic wives and fatherless children left to bewail fates that seem cruel, while United States revenue officers will go a-searching every summer, scenting mischief in every trail and swinging bough; and they will come back again, unless their bodies, tumbled over by the unerring bullet, are left in sequestered places, to pay the price of their temerity. The hardy mountaineer is a fine marksman, if his eye is sharpened by the hatred in his heart. The wild, beautiful region of the moonshiner is not yet conquered.

Many of the inhabitants of the mountain lands of Eastern Tennessee are very poor. With some of them it is the one strain of all the year to meet their taxes. The women help raise the money by selling wild fruits, nuts and berries. Their lands are rich in ore and in walnut timber, and they hope, when railway facilities come nigh to them, that they will realize abundantly, and will be remunerated for all their self-denial and pinching privation. And yet, poor as these people are, every cabin fairly bristles with dogs. They love them. They feed, and pamper, and pet, and the snugest corner in the poor little rookery of a home is given up to the contented curs. At the approach of a stranger the hospitable intentions of the whole family are made manifest by the manner in which they call off, reprimand and chastise the noisy, barking pack. The names of their favorites range all the way down from Lion and Tiger to Penny and Snip.

The fare of these poor families is plain and simple. Corn-bread is their daily food. It is very good, and baked in a kettle, or as bannocks, on a board before the glowing coals, it is crisp and sweet, and has a fine, nutty flavor, that would be new and delicious to the epicurean taste. A Southern woman, no matter how poor and how bare her home and her surroundings, with her

deft touch and practiced skill, knows how to cook so as to impart the right flavor to the food. Her corn-bread, if she is poor, is made very plain, but is wholesome and satisfies the appetite. Their corn-muffins cannot be excelled. Sometimes they ask the visitor, "Will you have a plain corn-cake made, or will you take the fatty kind?" The latter has shortening added, which makes a tender, crisp crust, and is the finest phase of the poor mountaineer's freely-given hospitality.

Surveyors are busy making routes through these regions, and ere many years the wild aspect of the country will have changed and the condition of its settlers will be improved. Capitalists from cities, in view of this change, have purchased large tracts of wild land.

The Switzer's love and attachment for his mountain peaks is not stronger than is the love of these poor whites for their wild-wood nooks, and gorges, and eyries—the Alpine grandeur that ministers to their love of the wild, and free, and natural. A green, cup-shaped bit of valley, or a scooped-out nest in the side of the rugged wall of broken stone and clinging vines holds humble pages of history—records of births, and deaths, and tended graves, and God alone reads aright the great mystery of life and death to which answereth the spirit.

A colony from England was established in the State of Tennessee in 1880, on the high table-lands—the Cumberland plateau. A purchase was made of nearly eight thousand acres in Morgan County by the Hon. Thomas Hughes, M. P. The name of Thomas Hughes is familiar to every general reader in the United States, though as an author who has endeared himself to us all, the stately Englishman is best known as Tom Hughes, the author of "Rugby." He was born October 20th, 1823, and was the son of John Hughes, of Denington Priory, near Newbury, Berkshire, England. His early education was received at Rugby, under the famous Dr. Arnold, and in 1845 he graduated at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1848 he was called to the bar. His work, for which he is probably best known, was "Tom Brown's School Days," published in 1856. In 1858 he sent out "The Scourging of the White Horse," and three years later he wrote "Tom Brown at Oxford," and in 1869 "Alfred the Great." He has written widely and well. He has been a member of Parliament, and was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869. He has made several visits to the United States, and has been cordially received. Mr. Hughes has always been a friend of the laboring classes—one of the best friends that the workingman has in England.

It was to better their condition that the Tennessee Colony was planned; its chief object is to provide homes at reasonable rates to those who have limited means, and who desire to secure for themselves and their children the advantages of our

free institutions, and at the same time not to break away immediately from their British neighbors and associations.

The colony lands are located among the healthiest parts of the continent. They are wooded, with but very little underbrush, and are intersected by never-failing streams. The soil is, for the most part, a sandy loam—excellent for garden produce and for fruit-trees. The land sells for from three to ten dollars an acre, according to quality and location, in lots of from five up to five hundred acres. Town lots, from fifty up to one hundred and fifty. Churches, schools and all the necessary roads, well graded, hotels, conveyances, and everything necessary to make Rugby delightfully home-like, are found in the new colony. Intoxicating liquors are expressly forbidden, and their smuggling and sale properly punished by the laws they have established for the protection of themselves, their families, and all those who favor the growth of a healthy, public feeling.

As a health-resort, Rugby will have no superior this side of the Rocky Mountains, and when busy hands, guided by good taste and a love for the grand and beautiful, have aided nature and beautified her grandeur of scenery as only the finely-cultivated English eye can do, Rugby will be the garden of these United States. The station of Sedgemoor, on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, is nearest Rugby, and conveyances from the latter place meet the train daily.

One of the finest of noted resorts is Rhea Sulphur Springs, on this railroad. It is situate in Rhea County, Tenn., at the foot of Walden's Ridge, in the beautiful Sequatchee Valley. It has a combination of mineral waters, though the sulphur predominates. Before the war this was a delightful resort. It had become dilapidated, but its old friends and frequenters came back again, and again, and now it is in good hands, and has become as charming as ever. Ladies spend the hot summer months here among the pure breezes, and hardly know that the sullen heat of the dog-days is beating down mercilessly upon their less favored friends at home. They ride on horseback, and take lunch-baskets and go up among the cool mountains; get up picnics, sociables, little festivals, tableaux, visits to the mountain cottages, donation parties, recitations, papers, fill herbariums, brush the cobwebs off their school-girl knowledge of botany, press ferns, and find an immense sight of innocent pleasure for a very moderate sum of money. We gleaned this item from a little lady who had spent the summer months there. She came into the cars with a basket full of dewy ferns, wild, dazzling mountain pinks, holly branches all a-glow with their gleaming berries shining out like rubies, bringing with her the very aroma of the sequestered woodland valley.

Our little companion drew nigh her, enticed by

the bright, round, rosy face and the tempting fullness of the basket—as a bee is beguiled by the beauty of the blossom looking out from among the leaves. The beautiful contents of the basket was the introduction. They talked together like friends. Presently they rose and shook hands, their faces evincing great pleasure. Conversation was renewed, and in less than two minutes they rose again and kissed each other, and then the charmed basket, that had so blessed them, was moved to another place, and the little women occupied the same seat. They had been classmates in the seminary. The intervening years had not dimmed the glamour of girlhood, nor robbed it of its graces. They talked of the doctor and his wife, and of the girls, and

"They spoke of many a vanquished scene
Of what they once had thought and said—
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead."

When they parted on the steps, in the gray twilight of that mellow October evening—the little wife to return to her beautiful city home and the babies, that were looking for mamma, and we to pursue our journey, auspicious from the beginning—the farewell words were made memorable by the strong resolve which was coined into poetry by the authoress of "Aurora Leigh."

"Let us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little."

PIRSEY POTTS.

PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

I THINK of you, dear friends, when dawn
Comes flushing all the eastern sky;
I think of you, dear friends, when morn
Proclaims the glowing sun on high.
For morning means that radiant noon
Will come, a blaze of glory, soon.

I think of you, dear friends, when fades
The twilight into sheltering night;
I think of you, dear friends, when shades
Shut from the earth her veil of light.
For evening means that slumber's call
Will bid us cease from labors all.

I think of you, dear friends, when light
Has spangled all the skies with gold;
I think of you, dear friends, when night
Her sheltering robe o'er all has rolled.
For night doth mean that blushing morn
Again upon us soon will dawn.

FANNIE.

SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL.

GOETHE is the poet of poets and scholars; Schiller is the poet of the people. Making the homely affairs of life beautiful with the flowers of his poesy, and recognizing the true artist in the skilled workman of whatever craft, he belongs not only to faithful toilers in his own fatherland, but to earnest workers the wide world over. "The Lay of the Bell" is one of the most graceful tributes ever paid by letters to labor; and, very appropriately, it is put into the mouth of the master workman—one of those enthusiastic, old-time craftsmen who wrought, in the fear of God, patiently and prayerfully. He is introduced to us in the act of founding a bell; he describes or intimates the mechanical process (learned by Schiller through actual observation in the bell foundries) as the work goes on, and fills the intervals with appropriate reflections, for he says:

"To consider in his inmost heart,
What he creates with his hand,
Is what adorns a man."

He first considers the importance of their work, and tells his comrades that

"It will endure to remotest times,
And resound joyously in the ears of many men;
It will wail with the mourners,
And join the praises of the choir.
Whatever changing fate may bring
To the sons of earth below,
It will proclaim far and wide."

His next reflection is upon one of the offices of the bell:

"With a joyous festal clang
It greets the beloved child
On the first journey of life,
Which he begins on the arm of sleep;
Alike the dark and white fates
Rest for him in the bosom of time."

The thinker follows the child as he grows to manhood, and "storms wildly out into life," returning to meet his fate in the maiden from whom he held himself "proudly aloof" in his boyhood days. Naturally, thoughts of the "golden time of early love" suggest to our thoughtful workman the idea of the wedding-bell; but, says he,

"Let him prove, who would bind himself for aye,
Whether heart is united with heart,
For delusion is short, regret is long."

The marriage over, the struggle for place and fortune begins, in which the man is aided by the "chaste housewife," who

— "rules wisely
In the domestic circle,
And teaches the girls,

And restrains the boys,
And with diligent hands
Labors unceasingly,
Increasing the gains
With her orderly cares.
She fills odorous chests with treasures,
And turns the thread about the whirling spindle,
And gathers in polished cabinets
The shimmering wool and snow-white linen,
Striving to unite the beautiful with the useful,
And never rests."

But the prosperity of the house is not forever; "with the power of fate, one can twine no eternal bond," and the fire-bell rouses the household only to see the gains of years swept away in a single night.

"Hopeless,
Man retires before the power of God,"

and the great rooms which children were wont to fill with music, become the "rude bed of wild storms." The filling of the mould brings to our craftsman's mind hopes of the resurrection:

"In the dark bosom of the earth
We trust the work of our hands;
There the sower trusts his seed,
And hopes for the blessing.
Still more precious seed we, sorrowing,
Hide in the bosom of the earth,
And hope that from the coffin
It shall blossom to a more beautiful fate."

As a matter of course, the funeral-bell is next called to mind:

"From the tower,
Heavy and fearful,
Tolls the bell
The funeral song;
Earnestly accompanying with its solemn strokes
A wanderer on his last journey.
Ah! it is the true, the beloved mother,
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads away,"

leaving the desolate home to be ruled by the "loveless stranger." The interval of rest, while the bell is cooling, brings a vision of evening after the vesper bell has rung; when the stars come out, and market and street are still; when the quiet burgher drinks deep at the fountain of peace, and realizes how much he owes to law and order. The danger of the ore liberating itself from the mould, suggests the danger of mob government, which is explained at length. At last the bell appears perfect and shining, is christened "Concordia," and "poised on high a neighbor of the thunders."

"Itself heartless, without feeling
It attends with its swing
The changeful play of life,
And as its clang strikes the ear,
It teaches that nothing endures,
That all things earthly perish."

MAY NORTHPROP.

HELPLESS LIVES.

IT has become the tendency of most of our writings, which belong to the scientific school of thought, to look toward a life of physical health, vigor and beauty, with the intellectual faculties in full and happy play, as the right end of effort and desire. It is truly to be earnestly desired and sought, but only as an end subordinate to a higher end—the growth and development of our spiritual faculties, faith, love, reverence. Without these, the human nature loses its grace and glory—aye, and its use, also—and is, at its fairest and best, dwarfed and imperfect.

There is one striking result from this mistaken line of thought—the tendency to regard sickness, old age, weakness and helplessness of any kind, as useless—as, indeed, an incumbrance and drag on the swiftly-moving wheels of life. It causes a desire to disintegrate these diseased elements from all the ideals of life, and present once more to the mind the Greek idea of strong, joyous humanity, apart from the needs and sorrows of the weak. This is not a step forward, but backward; it disowns the widening of Christian thought and sympathy, which gladly consecrated its young strength of knighthood to the service of all in need and adversity, and sent its young maidens in the dark places of the earth, moved by the Divine love and pity of their Master. Christian art, following in the guidance of Christian perception and hope, did not disdain weakness and pain, but gathered all their pathos and mute, touching loveliness into the paintings which still thrill our souls with tenderness and delight. It is Christianity, and not science, which

“Counts nothing which she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.”

After all, we never know how strong the influences of the helpless and dependent lives are in the world, until, in returning to our own gathered stores of wisdom for strength, consolation and cheer, we find that we gained this from a darkened room of sickness, or from a feeble old friend, or the innocent looks and words of little children. Nor is the great world less awayed, however unconsciously, by the patience, faith and love of these lives, which seem to the outward eye so passive and so still. We read a book whose searching words seem to pass, arrow-like, through all outer covering and defense, and strike into the very core and centre of life; and often we find it was written in the pain and weariness of long sorrow or physical disease. So much has genius been shaped and quickened by the blows of anguish into exquisite form and fairness, that it has been often said:

“They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”
Not only the “Lycidas” and “In Memoriam”

are the voices of sorrow, but in every great work the touches of tenderest pathos, the burning thoughts that lift us above earth, the great conceptions that make us free of this world's limitations and despairs, are, we may be very sure, first wrought out in fire and darkness, in the very depths of the soul. What is the divinest music but an utterance of regret, of aspiration—the utterance of suffering glorified into a higher harmony than nature can reach; a hope springing as high as the first despair was deep; a consolation which, as Sidney Lanier says of Beethoven's grand music, makes us feel made clean and all our sins forgiven? Nor can we receive the most perfect revelation of religion itself within our own souls without first learning the need of it, which only grows from consciousness of our failures, and errors, and imperfections—a consciousness which often wrings our hearts with sadness, and darkens our days with discouragement. Yet, at the end, we may be brought to see that Divine wisdom and love have permitted such experience, for without it we could not have learned patience or tenderness to others in trouble, or faith and love by which the face of a loving Saviour is revealed unto us.

All these elements of our life—the knowledge of our weakness, regret for our misdeeds—nature would put away; and how poor, and dwarfed, and incomplete would be the character thus trained! We all know that we need discipline, as the statue needs the blows of the sculptor's tools, as the bronze needs the fiery heat, the iron the strokes at the forge, the wood carving the cutting of the knife, the vine the pruning and transplanting. All work is full of analogies, for character is only formed by work and action; and all that the hands of men find to do for use or grace is a faint symbol of the work wrought out by the Divine hands of the Maker of our lives. All our difficulties in unyielding and unlovely material, all our patience, and thought, and delight, are infinitely higher and greater in the work of Him who, leaving His children never alone in any part of their days, reveals Himself also to us as the Great Workman, working ever in and through us, ever creating anew or regenerating the spiritual life and world of humanity. Every day, every hour—nay, every instant, He touches with quickening fingers our springs of life and action, seeking to bring out in us once more the Divine image and likeness, to revivify, to sustain, to make us whole.

Is it any marvel that the Psalmist, inspired with the thought of God's unceasing love and watchfulness, should plead for himself as “the work of Thine hands?” He feels this Divine power upon his soul, purifying and making it anew, and he trusts that He will not fail the soul that He has made, or suffer it to see death—“Because I live, ye shall live also.” From our very weakness springs the trust in that unchang-

ing life from which our faculties and being draw sustenance and vitality.

But the helplessness of others may give us the spiritual strength and aid which we most sorely lack. The sick-room—silent, shadowed, shut out from the world's care and haste—brings a hush into our souls. We rest from the rush and wear of the friction outside; we find leisure to keep time with the movements of the real and inner world; we see again how little in comparison are the achievements, and praises, and stings of the world, compared with faith, and love, and patience. By a dying bed our best is as nothing—worse, for we cannot at any price earn another look, another word, from the life that is passing away, and which has suddenly grown to be as the very root and centre of ours. The long night-watch by the uncertainly wavering flame of vitality, has a strange power of sifting, analyzing, naming things aright. Our humility, love, forgiveness, sympathy, the pleasure and aid we have given, small as these are, show as our only true achievements; the praise we have received, our mental gifts, our outside graces, our wealth, have shrunk into empty and vanishing vapors. Or, if the sick-room be a place of long endurance only, undarkened by any immediate fear of death, what priceless memories we may gain of gentle words, soft-spoken counsel, the pleasures of little kindnesses and rest, the exquisite refreshment of green leaves and budding blossoms. In our hurry and waste, it is so good to find a place where the patient heart "gathers up the fragments that remain that nothing may be lost," a breathing-place from ambition, and resentment, and the all-pervading canker of a covetous spirit. Strange as it may seem, we may also learn the fairness of the outside world, as we never knew it ourselves, looking at the glimpses of it seen with rested eyes through a half-closed door. What fresh, joyous words concerning it glow on the pages of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so long a captive in one darkened room, writing between intervals of pain on her sofa! Listen to this little word-song:

"On a sudden, through the glistening
Leaves around, a little stirred,
Came a sound, a sense of music, which was rather felt
than heard.

"Softly, finely, it enwound me—
From the world it shut me in—
Like a fountain falling round me,
Which with silver waters thins,
Clips a little water Naiad sitting smilingly within.

"Never lark the sun can waken
With such sweetness! When the lark
The high planets overtaking,
In the half vanished dark,
Cast his singing to their singing, like an arrow to the
mark."

Could anything be sweeter, clearer, fresher with the very dew of life, than this poem? Often it is with the inner vision that we apprehend most vividly the flower in our hand, the sound in our ears.

But, though we learn many precious truths from the sick-room, we neither can, nor ought to desire ill-health. Every effort is rightly directed toward preventing or removing it, and only the Divine alchemy can use its evil for the increase of good. It is different with old age, which for ourselves in youth we are so apt to regard as unmixed loss. It need be only the last step of growth into a higher life, not the mere decay of nature, and as such may be beautiful, with perhaps a pathos indeed, but certainly a spirituality and reverence beyond the beauty of color and grace in youth to the tender soul. What household, knowing its blessing, would willingly be without the revered presence of the grandfather and grandmother, the sight of the silvered head bearing its last crown of honor, the gracious courtesy of the higher to the lower, which so endears all the tender attentions of the old to the young, the tones which have grown used to soothing and "hushing" the troubles of those around them, the faltering step, coming so slowly that the walker has time to notice little ways of giving help and enjoyment? Every child knows the grandmother's room and grandmother's chair, always ready for listening to all his stories of little troubles. Often this is the room which has, as a child might say, "the loveliest look in the house;" and the bright old-fashioned flowers in the still carefully-watched garden come like a remembrance of the bright young days in the minds of the old, and recall the words of the poet:

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions."

I think the great charm of Mrs. Oliphant's later stories is just the aroma of remembrance—a gracious yet clear-sighted old age—as if of one listening with a smile of kindly amusement to the younger generation about her chair—the school-boys, with whom every fight is a second Iliad and every journey an Odyssey of adventure; the girls all thrilling and flushed with their hopes and fears.

How natural it is that this second phase of weakness should be so loving and tender in life's first helplessness, and the infant should be so welcome to the old heart! It is a common experience that the grandmother is more indulgent than the mother; more patient with little tempers and faults. Yet, after all, the best side of humanity is always turned to a child. Unless the conditions of life are sadly warped—all its sweet bells out of tune—childhood grows on the sunny side of the wall. Its tender, impressionable nature

needs all the sympathy, and light, and care, we can give, but we need still more to receive into the midst of our hardened hearts and anxious thoughts, a little child as a teacher. We need its helplessness, its absolute dependence on us for everything, its entire trust; for these open our hearts to its softening influence as no other traits would. The child does not mean to teach us, does not know it is doing us good; so we cease to be antagonistic; we drop our shield of reserve in its presence, and are more ready to learn of this unconscious master, because he looks to us for protection.

Even the dependence of dumb creatures upon us may be a means of forming very noble traits of character. For, by God's wisdom, we are placed almost as a species of Providence to the animals we have brought into our homes, and to whom our protection and ownership, and even our presence, have grown to be necessary. The faithful dog watches his master's face, listens for his step on the stair, moans with inconsolable grief if he dies; the high-bred horse follows every touch on the rein of his rider's hand; all pet creatures—from whatever tribe, feathered or furred, they are chosen—learn to love and depend on human care. It is well for us to feel that we are under obligations to keep them from hurt or privation; that our strength and superiority in nature bind us to their aid against unnecessary danger or destruction. It is to me one of the most beautiful signs of human growth that we have learned to care for the inarticulate speech of the creatures around us, to protect them for their own sakes, and to extend the sympathy for our own dumb servitors also to the miserable, unowned creatures that, half-starved and scarred, haunt our streets and lanes like a visible reproach. God careth for these; they are also the work of His hands, and it is one of the many ways by which He educates us for Heaven, that He so often places apparently their welfare and happiness in our power.

It is well for us to be just and true with our equals, earnest and kind to those equally strong, and wise, and happy as ourselves—well for us to glow with admiration for our heroes and those gifted with genius and grace; but more is essential for the formation of a noble spirit. It uplifts and consecrates our soul to bow with reverence before innocence, goodness, faith—before spiritual loveliness clothed in weakness and pain—needing all our support and care. It opens to us a truer and higher vision to see Heavenly light piercing the darkness of affliction, as the flashing answer of the diamond to the sun is formed in the black depths of the heavy earth. It makes us ever more and more like God, the Father of all, the Sustainer of every form of life, the pitying Saviour, to give our ministry and service to those weaker and poorer than we—to care for the little child and the old, to

protect and feed the lower lives that are under our care, to give light, and help, and love to all. It changes our life into a centre of vitality, a heart-beating through many veins; and we grow outward and upward, learning ever more the deep truth of the words: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

E. F. MOSBY.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

IT was in the tender time of May
That a ship was sailing away and away—
A stately ship with a treasure laden—
A little, modest, blushing maiden;
Straight from the fatherland she came,
And little Dutch Gretchen was her name.

Her eyes were soft, and tender, and blue,
With a splendor of starlight shining through;
Her hair wore the sheen of the buttercup's gold—
A glory of fairy-time yet untold.
She was all that a tender, wee maiden should be,
This little Dutch Gretchen from over the sea.

But the quaint old words of the fatherland
Were all that wee Gretchen could understand:
So I taught the small maiden the words that I
knew;
Little Dutch Gretchen, say, "I love you."
'Twas the sweet old story told over and over;
She was wee Gretchen, and I—just her lover.

In the tender glow of another May,
We wander together, away and away;
For sweet as song that ever was sung
Are the dear old words of the English tongue;
And sweet as a wee, winsome maiden should be,
Is my little wife Gretchen from over the sea.

HAMILTON.

PETRARCH'S WORD.—Petrarch, the celebrated Italian poet, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candor and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospels to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to the determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the cardinal closed the book and said: "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Religious Reading.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

AN old, trite subject, you say? I know it is; yet, watching it all, feeling the beauty and sweetness of the changing seasons, my heart has grown so full of thoughts, how can I but give some of them to the ready pen?

We waited long for the seed-time. Winter was unusually reluctant to give up its reign and go back to the cold Northland; but, at last it did go, and then, with the softer airs and warmer sunshine, came the farmer's seed-time. How they toiled early and late! What lessons of faith and patient trust they gave us all! When the ground was tilled, made rich and mellow, the little brown seeds were given to its tender keeping in the firm faith that the early and the later rains would quicken them to life and make sure the promised harvest. "No matter if the present prospect be not the most favorable, we must sow our seed, or there will be nothing to gather by and by. The seed must be sown before it can grow, and if we sow it now, there will come a time when it can grow," said they; and so the work went on day by day, until all was done. Each field had received its portion, and must bide its time to grow fresh and beautiful. Then followed dry, hot days. The gloomy ones shook their heads and murmured that "nothing could grow;" but their cheerier neighbors answered, "Wait, and you will see how unfailling are the promises of the One who rules over all." And we waited until the rain came in great abundance; then the tiny seed burst open their prison-doors and laughed out in leaves and flowers everywhere; and now, when the summer is spent and fall has come, the harvest is ripe for the gleaner, and there is peace and plenty on every hand. How different it all would be if the farmer had kept back his seed in the spring-time, fearing to trust so much to the seemingly unfavorable skies. Instead of golden grain and ripening fruit, there would have been unsightly weeds and brambles—want and hunger in the place of abundance.

But what of the other seeds sown through all the long, bright hours? What of the seeds of daily life, of daily endeavor? Did they, too, fall in good soil, and are they springing in beauty and gladness around us? Do we see the increase, and know, with the farmer, that a goodly harvest shall not fail us? Ah, not for one season alone, but for many must we wait ere our harvest shall be ripe, for life's best things come but slowly, and that for which we hope most, "takes long to grow." Yet, for the strengthening of our faith, we can see rich promises of fruit along the way, and know that our work is not in vain. Nay, it cannot be in vain while the Father watches over us. Not more surely does the little seed sown in the kindly bosom of earth bring forth its kind in its season than does this other seed bring each its own kind—the good, the good, and the evil, the evil.

"Gathered in time or eternity—
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!"

There is no escaping it. The words we say, the

deeds we do, the spirit we bear with us daily, has each its mighty influence on the impressible hearts and minds around us, each its mighty work to do in our future and in the future of many others. Well may we pause and ask, "What shall the harvest be?" It is a fearful thought that any act or word of ours, done or left undone, said or not said, may mar a life and leave a scar upon some tender soul for all eternity. Perhaps one waited for a kindly word we might have given, but did not, and, for lack of it, grew discouraged and went astray, leaving a blot upon our soul no less than upon the soul of the erring one; leaving but a thorn where, had we been watchful and true, a rose might have blossomed to bless us always with its fragrant beauty.

As another has so earnestly said, "Think of the possibility of its being your hand that giveth a stone instead of bread; of a soul starving because of your iniquity; of giving condemnation instead of encouragement; the condemnation may be all that was needed to send a sensitive, famishing spirit on 'the road that leadeth to destruction;' the word of encouragement may have been the one bond that would have drawn it back unto the way of righteousness and peace." Ah, surely we have need to "watch and pray."

As the farmer soweth each seed in its time, and waits patiently for the harvest, so, too, must we; and we should use the same caution and watchful care in choosing our seed as does he. How carefully he gleans that which he intends for future sowing! How watchful he is that it should all be pure and good, with no foul seed intermingled; for he knows that they, if sown in the field, will bring only trouble, and that it will not stop with one season, but will grow worse and worse as the years go by, requiring all his skill and toil to keep in check, so that the good seed be not wholly crowded out. He knows that it is easier to keep the weeds out by using only good seed, than to uproot them when once they have gained a foothold. Just so we ever find it with the little vices and evils which would gain a foothold in the heart. If they be not boldly met and combated to the very death on the start, ere we are aware, they gain the mastery and crowd out much that is good.

"I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seed
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

Only in this way can life be fruitful of good, and old age be beautiful and full of peace. Only in this way can the harvest be such as maketh the heart glad unto thanksgiving. EARNEST.

LET us learn that the Lord does not desire us to pray on account of its effect upon Him, but upon ourselves; that if we desire to give "good gifts" to our children, much more does He desire to "give good things to them that ask Him;" that He only waits for us to will and ask in order that He may answer and do.

Mother's Department.

MAY BE SO.

"NEXT time you go out, you'll buy me a wagon, won't you, mother?" said my little boy to me one day.

I didn't want to say "no," and destroy his happy feelings; and I was not prepared to say "yes," and so I gave the evasive reply so often used under such circumstances, "May be so," and which was meant rather as a negative than an affirmative. The child was satisfied; for he gave my words the meaning he wished them to have. In a little while after, I had forgotten all about it. Not so my boy. To him the "May be so" was "yes," and he set his heart, confidently, on receiving the wagon the next time I should go out.

This happened on the afternoon of that very day. It was toward evening when I returned. The moment I rung the bell at my own door, I heard his pattering feet and gleeful voice in the entry.

"Where's my wagon?" said he, as I entered, a shade of disappointment falling suddenly upon his excited, happy face.

"What wagon, dear?" I asked.

"My wagon. The wagon you promised to buy me."

"I didn't promise to buy a wagon, my son."

"Oh, yes you did, mother! You promised me this morning."

Tears were already in his eyes, and his face wore a look of distressing disappointment.

"I promised to buy you a wagon? I am sure I remember nothing about it," I replied, confidently. "What in the world put that into your head?"

"Didn't I ask you?" said the child, the tears now overflowing his cheeks.

"Yes, I believe you did ask me something about a wagon; but I didn't promise to buy you one."

"Oh, yes you did, mother! You said, 'May be so,'"

"But 'may be so' doesn't mean 'yes.'"

At this the little fellow uttered a distressing cry. His heart was almost broken by disappointment. He had interpreted my words according to his own wishes, and not according to their real meaning.

Unprepared for an occurrence of this kind, I was not in the mood to sympathize with my child fully. To be met thus, at the moment of my return home, disturbed me.

"I didn't promise to buy you a wagon; and you must stop crying about it," said I, seeing that he had given way to his feelings and was crying in a loud voice.

But he cried on. I went up-stairs to lay off my things, and he followed, still crying.

"You must hush now," said I, more positively.

"I cannot permit this. I never promised to buy you a wagon."

"You said, 'May be so,'" sobbed the child.

"May be so and yes are two different things. If I had said that I would buy you a wagon, then

there would have been some reason in your disappointment; but I said no such thing."

He had paused to listen; but, as I ceased speaking, his crying was renewed.

"You must stop this now. There is no use in it, and I will not have it," said I, resolutely.

My boy choked down for a few moments at this, and half-stifled his grief; but, overmastering him, it flowed on again as wildly as ever. I felt impatient.

"Stop this moment, I say!" And I took hold of his arm firmly. My will is strong, and when a little excited, it often leads me beyond where I would go in moments of reflection. My boy knew this by experience. By my manner of speaking he saw that I was in earnest, and that if he did not obey me, punishment would follow. So, with what must have been a powerful effort for one so young, he stifled the utterance of his grief. But the storm within raged none the less violently, and I could see his little frame quiver as he strove to repress the rising sobs.

Turning away from me, he went and sat down on a low seat in a corner of the room. I saw his form in the glass as I stood before it to arrange my hair, after laying aside my bonnet; and for the first time my feelings were touched. There was an abandonment in his whole attitude; an air of grief about him that affected me with pity and tenderness.

"Poor child!" I sighed. "His heart is almost broken. I ought to have said yes or no; and then all would have been settled."

"Come," said I, after a few moments, reaching my hand toward the child, "let us go down and look out for father. He will be home soon."

I spoke kindly and cheerfully. But he neither moved, looked up, nor gave the smallest sign that he heard me.

"Oh, well," said I, with some impatience in my voice, "it doesn't matter at all. If you'd rather sit there than come down into the parlor and look out for dear father, you can please yourself."

And turning away as I spoke, I left the chamber, and went down-stairs. Seating myself at a window, I looked forth and endeavored to feel unconcerned and cheerful. But this was beyond my power. I saw nothing but the form of my grieving child, and could think of nothing but his sorrow and disappointment.

"Nancy," said I to one of my domestics, who happened to come into the parlor to ask me some question, "I wish you would run down to the toy store, in the next block, and buy Neddy a wagon. His heart is almost broken about one."

The girl, always willing, when kindly spoken to, ran off to obey my wishes, and in a little while came back with the article wanted.

"Now," said I, "go up into my room and tell Neddy that I've got something for him. Don't mention the wagon; I want to take him by surprise."

Nancy went bounding up-stairs, and I placed the wagon in the centre of the room, where it would meet the child's eye on the moment of his

entrance, and then sat down to await his coming and enjoy his surprise and delight.

After the lapse of about a minute, I heard Nancy coming down slowly.

"Neddy's asleep," said she, looking in at the door.

"Asleep!" I felt greatly disappointed.

"Yes, ma'am. He was on the floor asleep. I took him up, and laid him in your bed."

"Then he's over his troubles," said I, attempting to find a relief for my feelings in this utterance. But no such relief came.

Taking the wagon in my hand, I went up to the chamber where he lay, and bent over him. The signs of grief were still upon his innocent face, and every now and then a faint sigh or sob gave evidence that even sleep had not yet hushed entirely the storm which had swept over him.

"Neddy!" I spoke to him in a voice of tenderness, hoping that my words might reach his ear.

"Neddy, dear, I've bought you a wagon."

But his senses were locked. Taking him up, I undressed him, and then, after kissing his lips, brow and cheeks, laid him in his little bed, and placed the wagon on the pillow beside him.

Even until the late hour at which I retired on

that evening were my feelings oppressed by the incident I have described. My "May be so," uttered in order to avoid giving the direct answer my child wanted, had occasioned him far more pain than a positive refusal of his request could have done.

"I will be more careful in future," said I, as I lay thinking about the occurrence, "how I create false hopes. My yea shall be yea, and my nay, nay. Of these cometh not evil."

In the morning, when I awoke, I found Neddy in possession of his wagon. He was running with it around the room, as happy as if a tear had never been upon his cheek. I looked at him for many minutes without speaking. At last, seeing that I was awake, he bounded up to the bedside, and kissing me, said: "Thank you, dear mother, for buying me this wagon! You are a good mother!"

I must own to having felt some doubts on the subject of Neddy's compliment at the time. Since this little experience, I have been more careful how I answer the petitions of my children; and avoid the "May be so," "I'll see about it," and other such evasive answers that come so readily to the lips. The good result I have experienced in many instances.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

PART I.

"**A**RISE, my maiden, Mabel!"
The mother said, "arise,
For the golden sun of Midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine;
This new-made pat of butter;
This little flask of wine!

"And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come,
For the good man went out yester-morn,
And he is not come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me, with this fever-pain
That little child will die!

"And thou can'st help thy grandmother;
The table thou can'st spread;
Can'st feed the little dog and bird,
And thou can'st make her bed.

"And thou can'st fetch the water,
From the lady-well hard by;
And thou can'st gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

"Can'st go down the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother-ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"But listen now, my Mabel,
This is Midsummer-day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

"And when thou art in lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when into the fir-wood
Thou go'st for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide,
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, willful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,

I've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear!"



Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.
"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer day!"

PART II.

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine;
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And morning mists had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good-will,
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird;
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day;
Thou know'st the lady-well!"

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird—a sky-blue bird—
That sate upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sate a lady bright
Beside the well—a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled!"

"And for this thing which thou hast done
Yet may'st not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well, whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved away!"

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And nought could Mabel see,
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily, of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh, but she is small and neat,"
Said one, "'twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Oh, but she is a comely child,"
Said another, "and we will lay
A good-luck-penny in her path,
A boon for her this day—
Seeing she broke no living wood;
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good;
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wondering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
Will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

"And go, now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild;
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe
Within the lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spake aloud, "A human child
Is here—yet mark this thing!"

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her, who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy-cake!" said one,
"Grant her a wish!" said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be!"

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen,

Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer-day,
And these three fairy-blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind!

MARY HOWITT.

The Home Circle.

HINTS FOR THE TRAVELING SEASON.

WE planned. Our plans were all carried out. During vacation we wanted to take rest and enjoyment, the girls and I. The week before we parted we posted ourselves on all the particulars pertaining to traveling. Maggie and Eather were going to the Adirondacks. The evening before they started, we picked up good Dr. Hall's "Hints for the Traveling Season," which was lying on the table in the girls' room. He says:

"Take one-fourth more money with you than your actual estimated expenses.

"Acquaint yourself with the geography of the route and the region of travel.

"Have a good supply of small change, and have no bill higher than ten dollars, that you may not take counterfeit change.

"Try and arrange as to have but a single article of baggage to look after.

"Dress substantially; better be too hot for two or three hours at noon than to be too cool for the remainder of the twenty-four.

"Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable detention on the way.

"Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if it has to be eaten at daylight. Dinner or supper, or both, can be more healthfully dispensed with than a good warm breakfast.

"The most secure fastening for your chamber door is the bolt on the inside; if there is none, lock the door; turn the key so that it can be drawn partly out, and put the wash-basin under it; thus, any attempt to use a jimmy or put in another key will push it out, and cause a racket among the crockery, which will be pretty certain to rouse the sleeper and rout the robber.

"A sandwich eaten in the cars leisurely is better for you than a dollar dinner 'bolted' at a station.

"Take with you a month's supply of patience, and always think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, or insult, or inattention.

"Do not suppose yourself specially and designedly neglected if waiters at hotels do not bring you what you call for in double-quick time; nothing so distinctly marks the well-bred man as a quiet waiting on such occasions; passion proves the puppy.

"Do not allow yourself to converse in a tone loud enough to be heard by a person two or three seats from you; it is the mark of a boor if in a man, and of want of refinement and lady-like delicacy if in a woman. A gentleman is not noisy; ladies are serene.

"Comply cheerfully and gracefully with the customs of the conveyances in which you travel, and of the places where you stop.

"Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners of a gentleman and a lady if you wish to be treated as such, and then you will receive the respect of others.

"Travel is a great leveler; take the position which others assign you from your conduct, rather than from your pretensions."

The doctor might have specified some things in his general directions. It is especially necessary that one's geography be studied carefully before commencing a journey. The pleasure that results from this is paying. We recall an instance of a father who taught his children the beauties of geography by beginning on a very simple plan. If he took his little boys and girls in the wagon with him to the factory, or the mill, or the poor house, when they crossed the creek he told them that the beautiful, shallow stream with the silvery splinters of minnows darting about in the sunshine, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. Then, together, with his better knowledge of geography, they followed the little tributary on and on, growing continually wider, until it reached the gulf. This family imbibed a love for this delightful study, hardly knowing when or whence it came.

An observant traveler not posted in geography loses much of the pleasure which is his by right. It is gratifying to know about the rivers, mountains, cities, products, and the location of any event which may have a place in history.

"What to wear" need not be the puzzle which it is to the average American woman. The prevailing fashions have a generous margin. Any woman can select from her wardrobe something suitable, with a simple addition, to give newness and freshness to her attire. Any of the prevalent wraps are available. Dark Lisle thread gloves are in good taste; so is a fine black straw hat plainly trimmed. Navy blue or myrtle green barege veils, two yards long, are invaluable for the protection of the hair and to keep off a draft of air at night. A gossamer rubber wrap is one of the indispensables; it should have a hood and an

inside pocket to contain light sandals. A pocket sewed on to the outside of one of the underskirts is invaluable. Then ladies may carry a few postal cards, a short pencil with rubber attached, and a few small stamped and addressed envelopes, with a blank page of light paper folded inside, in this handy pocket. Much suspense to the dear ones left at home would be relieved if ladies traveling adopted this precaution. A line on a postal could be written while the iron horse paused at the wayside woodpile or reservoir for his bite and his drink, and from the window any railroad employee or hanger-on would take the missive and mail it, or the conductor would have it mailed on the train.

This out-of-the-way pocket in the underskirt is an acquisition not to be laughed at. It would put an extinguisher on the petulant and oft-repeated question of, "Oh, why did you not write?"

A small satchel for toilet articles is necessary. It should contain towel, soap, brushes, 'kerchiefs, hose, pins, needle and thread, combs, plenty of hair-pins, a small, flat, close bottle of camphor, and—guess what else an old aunt of Mrs. McWilliams always takes with her when traveling? Why, a tiny vial of clean flax-seed! She does this latter just because she is a humanitarian. She says she never "rid a day in the keers," that she did not have use for the flax-seed. It may not be generally known that cinders, or dust, or a gnat, or any small obstruction can be removed from the eye by putting into it three or four of these emulsive seeds. These mucilaginous grains attract the object and cover it with their lubrication, and it passes painlessly from the eye. Many and many a well-laid plan of pleasure, and profit, and rest, and recreation from a journey by rail has come to nought because of the atom of cinder aimed by the unpropitious fates, which, taken immediately, could have been removed.

Much vexation is prevented if a fair understanding or bargain is made with the proprietor of the hotel before registering one's name. This is no more than justice to one's-self. Without this precaution, advantage may be taken, or a construction that is evasive or erroneous, something which may lead to hard words and unkind thoughts. Very frequently blame attaches to one's-self. Give us the careful, large-hearted, dear old ladies, whose daily deeds are the very cream of philanthropy. A tag, with name and address, should be on every bag and parcel. The latest invention of shawl-strap should have preference over the old one.

Where lunch is carried on a journey, it is well not to have variety, but that which is appetizing, nutritious, and which will bear acquaintance. Eschew cake, and pie, and pickles. Little pies made in small saucers, or in firm, little "turn-overs," will carry and keep well, but let good bread and butter, or sandwiches and fried chicken be the best part of the lunch. Cheese may be good, but is generally found to be unwholesome at a time when the usual habits of one's life are apt to be deranged. A cup of coffee or tea is generally available at regular hours of eating, and this will be a great promoter of cheer and comfort. There is a convenient little "pocket stove" manufactured, which weighs less than a pound. A company of ladies going to California had great good times, dining out of their own baskets and making their own coffee with this cunning invention. The

fire is made with a few spoonfuls of alcohol, and a pint of tea or coffee is the result in from five to eight minutes. We recommend it for use in a small family of, say, one lonely ranchman or one lonely spinster, or for the use of an invalid or convalescent, in heating broth, or gruel, or beef-tea. In very warm weather, when we do not want to "fire up," we use ours. Tea can be made strong, reduced with cold water and iced ready for supper. The cost of the fuel is trifling. Tea or ground coffee can be carried in the lunch-basket without sending out its aroma, if put into a close, little spice-box. In the season of fruits, the dessert at lunch should be berries, or pears, plums, peaches or apples.

How often, in traveling, one is ashamed of women of the average stamp. Only one day of last week, returning from the nearest city, we saw an everyday occurrence. It was early in the morning, and the express train was crowded. Nearly all the passengers had traveled all night, and perhaps for several days and nights. They had leaned on the sills of the windows, and doubled up in their narrow and short quarters, and had snatched a broken nap occasionally, which did not bring a tithe of the refreshing that would have come from one good quiet hour in bed at home. At an obscure village station, when the train slackened its speed for orders from the telegraph, three handsome girls, clean and fresh, and sweet, and wide-awake, came on board, on their way to conference. We looked at them with admiration. We hoped they were ladies, well-bred gentlemen. The seats were all occupied. One of the girls paused at the end of a seat in which was a mild-eyed old man, of perhaps seventy years of age. Very politely and timidly she asked his permission to sit beside him only for a few miles. He smiled and granted the request with unfeigned pleasure. We were pleased, glad that the fair maiden bore the stamp of the guinea. But what of the others? They stood waiting for some of the tired travelers to vacate and bow them a welcome. One of them hailed out to her companion, who was seated: "Did you ask for your seat, Jenny?" The girl smiled acquiescence. "Well," said she, in a broad, drawing, uncultivated voice, "I'll not do that; I'll wait and see if there's a gentleman in the car," and she gave particular emphasis to the word gentleman. "Guess there ain't any, Lib," said the other young lady, who was standing several feet away from her; "if there is, I've not found him yet." And then the girls looked up and down the aisle and giggled, never blushing, and the expression on their countenances was that of wonder, that they, the daughters of, perhaps, the village squire, or the doctor, or minister, should have to stand in the cars like other girls, whose fathers were not dignitaries. They stood and banded smart sayings, adding, with a sneer of disdain, "Before I'd ask any man for a seat, I'd stand all the way to old Philadelphia."

Some of the men were too tired and sleepy to heed the irate maidens; some didn't care; some thought, "well, stand then; standing is good enough for you!" and others, who had doubtless been rebuffed and called "desolute characters," for just precisely the same civility which was looked for now, kept their seats with imperturbable coolness, thinking of the homely old figure of frying-pan and the fire. Finally, two young men,

with very red and amused faces, rose and hurried out of the seat without even casting a glance at the uncultivated young American damsels. With never a "thank you," never a smile, nor a nod, nor a sign of gratitude, they tripped into the vacated place and dropped down with a giggle in unison. And when, half an hour later, they rose and left the car, they passed the gentlemen in the cramped, dusty corner by the stove, with their noses high in the air and their vision aimed at the carriage in the distance, we did hope they would condescend to fling out some sort of a "thank you, sirs," as did their companion, whose sweet smile was like fresh flowers for the old man whose path that beautiful morning had run alongside of hers just a little distance.

Nowhere more than in traveling are the sweet courtesies of life a readier currency. The small civilities should not be overlooked. It is not the province of a gentleman to ask a lady to share his seat; it is right, but an uncultured woman would distrust his kindness. This fear holds in check many a good motive and kindly action on the part of gentlemen. Nor, is it the duty of a tired traveler to yield his seat to one who comes in fresh and unwearied. There is a line of courtesy which ladies and gentlemen instinctively see and understand, but this gracious law—complaisant, and respectful, and full of flattering favor—comes not to all alike. We would that it did, that the innate rules of good-breeding were the grand governing power of our social life. CHATTY BROOKS.

A HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

"MY dear madam, give your husband good dinners, and he will seldom stray from home. The harmony of married life depends almost entirely upon dinners. It is not the state of the heart so much as the condition of the stomach which makes a man happy."

After reading over the above twice, to fully take in the humiliating idea, I threw it like a bomb-shell into the family circle for discussion.

"It's more than half true, I'm afraid," said Alice, who always takes up the opposite side for the sake of argument.

"True," echoed Grace, who no doubt has an ideal hero whom she is worshipping. "I'll never believe it."

"It may be as far as good, digestible dinners go, for really poorly cooked food is at the root of half the trouble in life, and is surely the father of ill humor."

"Oh, it's all very well to look at it in that light," declared Grace, "but to think of bribing a man into good nature, as you would a child with goodies, is too much; it takes all the poetry out of life."

"Poetry is mostly in books," said Alice, "and every-day life is made up of eating, drinking and working out the needful problem, as far as my observation goes."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Grace, "you are so fearfully practical, you take the poetry out of everything."

"Well, girls, it depends on how we take things, about that," said Louise; "poetry is not good for a steady diet, but we can mingle it with the sober

realities of life, and lighten the burden, making duty a pleasure."

"Oh, yes," I added, "melody and moonlight, dewdrops and roses, airs and graces are all very well before marriage, but there must be something back of that to make home attractive when you come to settle down to every-day home-life."

"Yes, it's safe enough to learn the mysteries of the kitchen, girls, though I think with Grace it's a very peculiar road to a man's heart;" and Louise looked a little sober, as she added: "You see my education was rather neglected in that direction."

"Oh, I'm learning as fast as possible," cried Grace; "did I tell you about my first lesson in griddle cakes?"

"Niver a bit," as Bridget says, pray proceed," said Louise, settling down to her embroidery as if expecting a long story.

"Well," began Grace, soberly, "to give it in mamma's own words, to a pint of milk take a handful of buckwheat and one of corn-meal and flour, a teacup of dry bread, soaked, and a little boiled rice left from dinner, this with one-half teacup of yeast and a pinch of salt. Let it rise over night, and just before baking add one-fourth teacup of soda."

"A little vague as to quantity," remarked Louise, "but like Mrs. Mudlaw, 'you use your judgment' about the handfuls, I suppose."

"Yes, you must be careful and not get them too thick nor yet too thin," said Grace.

"But it's a good way to use up odds and ends," added Louise.

"Yes; mamma always gives two lessons in economy to one in cookery," laughed Grace.

"Remember 'waste makes want,'" I replied, "and there are more good dishes made from yesterday's fragments than most people ever dream of. If there is a little cold, mashed potato it is thrown out instead of putting it in the bread to make it moist and tender; and even dry bread finds its way into the ash-barrel when there are a dozen ways of using it."

"Yes, even I have learned that," said Louise; "but in warm weather it won't keep."

"Oh, put it in the oven and dry it, then roll fine and it's ready for puddings, omelette, or dressing for chickens, or veal."

"Oh, dear! there is so much in knowing just how to do everything," sighed Kate, a young housekeeper from over the way. "I am almost discouraged sometimes."

"We all have to learn, I suppose," said Grace, "but it is easier to take lessons of mamma, than to wait and be taught by experience."

At the tea-table Louise unfolded her napkin, and then spread it out admiringly. It was one of my set decorated with antique figures in etching, and happened to be a bewitching little serving-maid of the olden times, with tray in hand.

"There, I like that ever so much better than embroidery," she declared; "it's just too pretty for anything. Now do tell us how it's done."

"It's only a pen-and-ink sketch, and I take any picture that will be effective in outline."

"But it's quite as pretty for handkerchiefs," added Grace, "and not nearly as much work as embroidery. We are planning some for Christmas presents now."

"Perhaps you will excuse a very young house-

keeper for asking what this delicious bit of meat is?" said Kate; "it's surely not tongue, and yet—"

"Oh, that's one of mamma's new ideas," laughed Grace, "you know she is always on a voyage of discovery."

"It's well that some one is," said Kate, "and as I am inclined that way myself, please give me the benefit of your experience."

"Well," I replied, "as long as I've been a housekeeper, it's only a short time since I found that beef's heart was eatable; but it must be prepared right; it's best to remove the ventricles and wash awhile in salt and water first, then prepare a dressing as you would for fowls, fill it and sew a cloth over the top to keep the filling in place, then put half a pint of water and a little salt in a covered bake-pan—I have not one of the patent pans, so I used two deep bread-pans—cover close, and bake two hours or more, according to size."

"And it makes delicious sandwiches," added Alice; "better than tongue, we think."

"It takes a long time to learn everything," sighed Louise; "one needs to live one life-time to learn how to live."

"If we could only profit by other people's experience it would help us," said John, "but we are not apt to, 'we gang our ain gait.'"

"But after all the whole secret of living is to make the most of what you have, and enjoy it," I said. "There are so many people who are all their lives getting ready to be happy; instead of using their money they hoard it up, or if they indulge in the beautiful, it is only put away for—sometime."

"That is true enough," cried Louise; "we have an illustration of that in one of our neighbors. He has money in bank, bonds and farm after farm, but has no good of them except the miserable one of hoarding; his house is poor, with nothing to redeem its ugliness, no furniture but hard chairs and a table or two, no pictures for the children to feast their eyes upon, or books to feed the mind."

"It's just wicked," declared Kate, "and I don't blame children for getting away from such a home as soon as possible."

"Yes," continued Louise, "a man that will sneak around and make all he can out of his poorer neighbors to swell his bank account, and defraud his wife and children in that way deserves—well, perhaps I had better not air my opinions too freely, but he is simply a brute."

"Yes, I agree with you there, Louise," said I; "money is only good for what it brings, and when we make an idol of it, it almost, invariably, brings a curse."

"A man that holds his money with such a tight grip, and does it out to his wife as if she were a pensioner, or more likely as he would throw a bone to a dog, is a disgrace to civilization," declared John.

"That reminds me," said Grace, "of something that came under my own eyes in a store not long ago. A lady came in with her husband and inquired for ribbon; after finding what she wanted, she turned to her husband for his opinion, and will you believe it, that man honestly stood a full half hour and haggled over the price and quality, until his poor wife looked as if she would sink through the floor, and at last went out without

taking it. Oh, dear! such things are enough to frighten one out of matrimony altogether."

"Fortunately, such cases are rare," cried Louise, "and there are, no doubt, extravagant women enough to offset them."

"But it's the man that holds the purse strings," said Grace, "and what could a woman do, go to her husband's pocket and help herself?"

"Well, hardly," laughed Louise, "though it's only taking her own."

"That is what John says," I added; "and when I talk about using his money, he indignantly declares it's not his money at all, but every cent of it *our* money."

"Well," said John, "if a woman that cares for her family as she should, doesn't earn all the money she needs, I don't know who does."

"But the idea of being treated so like a child, is the most exasperating of all," exclaimed Grace.

"The road to matrimony is a little risky," laughed Alice, "and there should be danger signals all along the route. I, for one, shall take warning."

"No you won't," said Kate, as she left the table; "other people's experience never helps us, you know."

"Yes, you will want to see the folly of it, too," cried Grace, over her shoulder, as she led the way to "Arcadia" our out-of-door retreat.

EULA LEE.

CHAPERONS.

A WRITER in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar*, takes the ground that it is time American society recognized the necessity for young girls having chaperons. She argues that heretofore our institutions have been crude, the result of our youth as a nation, but now we must imitate the older civilizations of Europe.

We venture to say that to any reader outside of New York City—and perhaps to many in it—such an article sounds ridiculous. Its writer herself acknowledges that American girls are, as a rule, pure in their instincts and correct in their behavior, and that American men do feel and show the highest respect for women. Then, where is any necessity for chaperons? We know not, unless as some say, "For the grandeur of the thing."

If we do not soon imitate Europeans in this respect, our friend gravely informs us, they will laugh at us. Why, they laugh at us already—most of all when we ape their ways. No, no; they will respect us very much more if we stick to what is distinctively American, than if we copy European fashions in any spirit of servility.

Moreover, she loses sight of the fact that New York City is a very small part of our great land. That it is laughed at all over the United States, for its shoddyism. Besides, disreputable men of all grades and nationalities congregate within its limits; so, if in consequence it may be necessary to limit the liberty of young lady residents, it by no means follows that such a course should be pursued in other cities and towns, where no such necessity exists.

We smile over such dogmas as, It is not proper for an unmarried daughter to be placed at the head of her father's house, her mother being dead.

On the death of a mother of unmarried daughters, a chaperon should reside in the house. The chaperon should sit in the parlor where a young lady receives gentlemen callers. Decency requires that an engaged couple should not be seen together in a public place without a chaperon. And so forth, and so forth.

What does it all mean? Does it mean that men are so bad and girls so silly, that they cannot be trusted? Does it mean that people generally are so curious, so narrow, so sharp-tongued that they are eager to misconstrue innocent actions, and make every young lady the subject of remark? We cannot think so. Human nature—at least American human nature—is by no means so depraved as all that. "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

Furthermore, such suggestions about chaperons and their duties, are against the genius of the age and land. In this country, the tendency is ever toward greater liberty for women, not less. A lady can go anywhere, at any time, unquestioned by any one—which she could not always do. At the same time, the standard of feminine morality is very much higher. It is not half so common to hear of lapses from virtue, as it was in past years, when girls were more strictly guarded. The truth is, women who are trusted are laws to themselves, and they dream still less of breaking their own laws than those of others. As to women who are not innately good—why, in their case, laws are of no avail. So it must continue to be.

To hedge in a young girl with restrictions is to make her miserable. To give a married woman proper privileges which are denied to her younger sisters, is to make many rush impetuously into matrimony, and find, too late, that they have made lamentable failures. To increase the number of unhappy marriages, is to increase the number of scheming, dangerous women, who subvert their homes and wreck the peace of their husbands and children, perhaps that of other people. The result of all is, a lowering of the whole moral tone of society. Is not this copying European fashions with a vengeance?

Train your girls properly, and then—trust them.
M. B. H.

HOMESICKNESS.

DOES any of the readers of the "Home Circle" know what it is to be homesick; so much so that they would cheerfully give all they possessed to be able to go home once more? Such has been my experience. Now, won't some one of those who live in one of those lovely valleys that nestle at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains write and tell us just how they look since they have put on their summer dress, although I think they are most beautiful in the fall of the year, when the leaves of the trees are turning to brown and gold? I live now where you can see miles and miles of prairie without so much as a tree in view, and I long for a sight of mountains again.

I want to thank all the "Home Circle" friends for their many good words this year. It has been one full of pain and suffering to me, and when my burden seemed almost more than I could bear, and I was so "weary of mingling life's bitter and sweet," my magazine would come, and it seemed

as if there was something written expressly for me to help me to look up. It requires a great deal of patience to sit with folded hands and see so much that needs to be done and be unable to do anything; but I have learned many useful lessons which I might have missed had I not been compelled to be still. I have learned to cling closer to God, to leave all in His care and go back to my child-faith, and know that whatever He does is for the very best. Now since my hands are able to perform some trivial duties, I think of *Vara's* little article in one of last year's magazines on the "Work of our hands." I want her to know how much good it did me then when my hands were strong—able to do the hardest work, and how much more good it does me now that I am able to do even a little of the homely work. May the kind Father give us grace and strength to perform all work so well, that when we fold our hands for the last time, we may hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful." RACHEL.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 59.

IN the west, gleams of sunset glory shining through bars of purplish gray. In the east, billows of snowy and light-tinted clouds—piled-up splendor illumined by the reflection of the western sky. Overhead, a dark, threatening cloud, stretching off toward the south, where low mutterings are heard, telling of a storm.

The sky to-day is like our lives, a mingling of brightness and darkness, of storm and calm; for there are clear blue spaces here and there, which look as if a cloud had never crossed them. Every day for near a week I have watched these threatenings of storm arise and pass, sometimes sending down a heavy shower, and then quickly scattering and clearing, and have thought, if I only had an artist's skill, I would delight to paint them. I believe if I was a painter, clouds would be one of my chief studies for work. I never tire of watching them.

Now the dark ones have passed over again, the sky is cleared of all but the white billows, and the light has faded out of the west.

While sitting by the door, watching the dying day, I have been thinking of friends whose lives hold special interest for me, although I may never see them face to face—thinking of one who lives among the quiet Pennsylvania hills, an invalid for twenty years, unable to walk, except about the house on crutches. What suffering and privation she must have endured in such imprisonment! Yet, she says that God has been good to her, and shown her that "His ways are ways of pleasantness," and she seems peaceful and contented.

Thinking also of a little bird's-nest of a home in Western New York, where a young mother sits, perhaps this very eve, in the twilight, talking to her only boy, teaching him lessons of goodness and truth which will live in his heart forever; for such a mother's teachings must surely take deep root, bringing forth good fruit.

Then my thoughts flew to that beautiful place near the Hudson, which I long so to see, and to the nymph, or goddess, whichever she may be, who dwells in its nooks and shades, and gives them much of their charm. What delightful hours we

would spend in sweet converse on those shady garden seats, under the elms and maples, and wander down to the rustic gate, and look over the meadow, where alders, and wild roses, and ferns grow at their own sweet will—all three favorites of mine. With the church-tower rising above the trees in the distance, and the palisades, and the far blue hills for a background to the picture. Oh, it would be fairy-land to me! Then, on rainy days, we would curl up on the sofa in her pretty room, and she would read to me her most treasured books, while the hours flew on charmed wings. She would also show me the beautiful work she does for others—for much of her time is spent in working to give pleasure to friends, and many a weary "shut-in" blesses her for the bright, cheery letters she writes.

Some say, if I were to meet all these friends, we would perhaps be so different in reality, from what we have fancied each other, that we might be greatly disappointed. There is much truth in this; still I know there is such congeniality of feeling about many things that we could not fail to be dear friends. But the time to test it will never be likely to come. Only in my day-dreams will I see the faces of those whose friendship has been more to me than any of those around me could guess.

A few weeks ago I made the promised visit to the old friend who has lately moved to our vicinity. Soon as they were well settled in their new home, her husband came for me in a low, easy rockaway, bringing one of his little daughters to accompany me. She was a little shy at first, but soon grew talkative about her mother.

I had a pleasant drive, and did not realize how far we had gone until we drew up before a pretty, home-looking country house, with a shady yard in front, and the next minute Vivia and I were in each other's arms. What a joyful meeting was that; and such a rush of thoughts and feelings crowded on us, that we could do little for awhile but sit and look at each other. At first each looked very strange to the other; but we soon grew used to that, and I found the same Vivia, only more sober and matronly, under the thinner, paler face. We renewed our girlhood, however, in the long talks about those olden days spent together; and the eldest daughter, a sweet young girl of thirteen, thought she had not seen her mother look so young and bright for a long time, as she did after I had been there a day or two. She was very much amused at our stories of the first time we put up our hair like young ladies, and put on our first long dresses, and of the first beaux we had. Then we told her of the times when we rode miles in the country to attend a protracted meeting at the old frame meeting-house in the pecan woods, where I am afraid we thought more about the pleasure of the ride, and the escorts who accompanied us, than of listening to the minister; and were more edified by the wonderful bonnets and startling combinations in dress of some of the people from the back woods, than we were with the sermon.

But there were other things we talked of only when alone, of deeper, more serious interest to us now—the joys and trials of later years, the discipline which time had brought us. We had both met with some of the greatest losses we could ever

know, and this drew us closely together in sympathy. Then there were the children to tell about. I had to learn each of their characters from a fond mother's view; but, from all I saw while there, thought it was pretty correct. There was one frank, handsome boy of eleven years, who interested me particularly. He was so manly and self-reliant. Worked in the garden, did errands, and helped his father and mother with such readiness it was a pleasure to see it.

At evening, the husband and father would always be with us, and his eldest daughter always had to play and sing something for him before bed-time. Sometimes he would take his flute, and Vivia or I the guitar, and we would recall some of the airs we used to play together in the old times. Those evenings were the pleasantest hours of all, and we were very sorry when they were over.

Little Marcia took quite a fancy to me after she got well acquainted, and gave me some bright-colored leaves, and a curiously-woven oriole's nest, which Harry had found in the woods. And I cut paper-dolls, and paste board rocking-chairs for her, which she was quite happy over.

Home again in my little nook, I busied myself making fresh decorations out of my new treasures. Running a small scarlet cord through both sides of the bird's nest, I suspended it over my mantel, beneath the picture of the Yosemite Mountains. Jessie is going to get some wheat or grass seed, and we will fill the nest with raw cotton, sprinkle seed in it, and try to keep it moist all the time, to see if we can have a miniature hanging-basket of it. Then I took the bright leaves, and combining with them a few handsome ferns, sent me by other friends, made fresh bouquets to tack against the white wall, where they make very pretty little pictures, and remind me whenever I look at them of my recent visit, and the pleasure I enjoyed in the renewal of the old friendships. LICHEN.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: During this warm summer weather one feels more like dreaming idly, than like settling down to earnest work; especially, perhaps, when one is an invalid, and feels that one cannot sufficiently enjoy the change and rest from wintry weather. So I feel more like having a desultory chat with you than writing a letter of advice.

One evening in the spring, while the weather was still cold, I was lying wrapped in shawls, but still shivering, when my evening mail was brought to me. Among the rest, there was a letter from a "letter friend" in Florida. I clasped it closely, as though it might bring a breath of warmer air within its folds. It told me of fruitful gardens, of blooming orange trees, of tea roses, climbing roses, honeysuckles, etc., etc., and it bore within some pressed flowers and bits of the moss that so beautifully drapes their trees.

It seemed as though I could see the flowers and almost taste the berries; as though I were wandering through the balmy air and among the blooming verdure of the "balmy South;" as though a loving, human hand was leading me into pleasant places; best of all, was the whisper in my heart that it was the Loving Father that had spoken to me through one of His children.

How often has it been the case that, when I was especially "a-weary," especially suffering, especially full of sorrow, or, feeling helpless, bewildered, discouraged, that the message has been sent from the Divine Heart to my weak, fainting human one.

Around our pathways are ever the tokens of loving care, will we but see them; throughout our lives are ever coming, directly or indirectly, these messages, will we but hear them; about us always are extended the everlasting arms, that we may neither faint nor fall, will we but lean upon them; the still, small voice is always saying: "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Now, when the green leaves are rustling, and sighing, and whispering to each other here; when the lap of our mother earth is full of flowers and fruit, and she calls unto her children to come and rest, and gather, and enjoy her riches and her bounty; now, when every sight and sound seems to lay a charmed hand upon the lips of care, and

to whisper a "peace, be still," I think much and deeply of my dear children.

I feel as though all young people were my children, I so love them through knowing and loving still the joy and brightness of youth; and through knowing also of the path of possible pain and sorrow they may have to tread, but in which, no matter how full of pain and sorrow it may be, they may still drink the sweetest draughts of the "peace which passeth understanding," if they only know of the purity of life, and love, and purpose; if they are only guided by the hand that will lead them "beside the still waters."

As I think of you, I ask that, as the sun's warm rays penetrate the earth and make it fruitful, so may the warmth of Heavenly Love penetrate your lives, making them to blossom and bear fruit. May your summer dreams be full of joy, the joy of those who have chosen the "better part," so that when the frosts come and the winter storms and blasts, your hearts may "be stilled to God's decrees."

AUNTIE.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE PRESIDENT.

GREAT soul, rejoice! because thou hast this grace
Above all others for thy lot and part—
That thou through suffering should win the place
Nearest and dearest to the nation's heart.

Has it not cheered thee through the battle's flame,
And praised thy deeds with jubilant accord,
O knight of freedom worthy of thy fame,
O Christian soldier with a stainless sword?

Has it not honored thee with place and power?
But now it loves thee—oh, reward most rare!
So count the bitter pain of each long hour
The price of days that shall be still more fair.

For now let Faction drop her evil eye,
Envy and foiled Ambition slink away:
The nation stands beneath a lofty sky,
And every petty wrong forgets to-day.

Like as the children of one household band
Draw close together in the shade of death,
And have no quarrels then, but hand in hand
Watch lovingly the dear, uncertain breath,

So now there is no North, or South, or West;
There is no East. We are not four, but one;
Around thy bed of pain this is confessed,
And suffering is crowned when love is won.

Harper's Weekly.

MY LADY SLEEPS.

STARS of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steep
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

REPUBLICANISM. (THREE GENERATIONS.)

FIRST.

SQUIRE CECIL, at his high-arched gate,
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.
And when a neighbor, ragged, sad,
Unlearned, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
These kindly words did say:
"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

THIRD.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,
And swept in silken sheen;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beauteous ne'er was seen.
Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes;
"And I must patronize," she said,
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.
"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!
In Europe, now—but, oh!
In this republic, we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"
MARGARET B. HARVEY, in *August Scribner*.

The Temperance Cause.

ALCOHOL ON CELL-GROWTH.

IN an article on the influence of alcohol on living cells, by Dr. Ridge, the following facts were demonstrated: 1. That infinitesimal quantities of alcohol affect living protoplasm. 2. That the affect is directly proportional to the amount of alcohol present. 3. That its influence is never to stimulate life and growth, but always to hinder and depress it. Starting with the fact that anesthetics have the power of arresting cell-growth in both plants and animals, and also suspending germination in plant life, very much as animation is suspended in animal life, he proceeded by a number of experiments to show that alcohol had the same effect, even in the smallest appreciable quantity, so minute that only the most delicate tests could determine, concluding his researches as follows:

"These experiments seem to me to be decisive on the question whether alcohol in small quantities is a stimulant or narcotic. Its effect is the same from first to last, and that effect is irritability of cells and lowered vitality. The most delicate and sensitive cells are first affected, and hence the higher functions of the mind are interfered with through the diminished irritability of the nerve-cells appropriated to them. One result of this is that the control of the higher centres over the lower is diminished, and these thus set free seem to have an increase of power.

"It may also be well to point out that the estimated amount of blood in a healthy person is about one-thirteenth of the weight of the body; so that a person weighing nine stones would possess about ten pounds of blood. Hence, if an ounce of alcohol mixes with the blood, it is present to the extent of about half per cent., and in the liver and

portal system to a still larger extent. This amount exerts a most powerful influence on cells with which it comes in contact, and a far smaller quantity is not inert. These facts indicate that alcohol in any quantity is by no means harmless or safe."

—*Journal of Inebriety.*

PREMATURE DEATH FROM LETHAL AGENTS.

THE tendency of their action is, as a rule, toward premature, physical death: the tendency is also toward premature mental death. A sudden excess of indulgence by any one of them, save perhaps arsenic, is all but certain to lead to some form of acute, mental derangement or stupor, more or less decisive and prolonged. A gradual excessive indulgence is almost as certain to lead to a confirmed condition of aberration more or less determinate. If we watch carefully the career of a man who is passing through the course of an alcoholic intoxication, and if, after analyzing each phase of that progress, we pass into a lunatic asylum and look at the various phases of insanity exhibited in the persons of the different inmates who are there confined, there is no difficulty in finding represented, through certain of those unfortunates, all the shades of mental aberration which have previously been exhibited by the single person in the course of his rapid career from sanity into insanity, and into helpless paralysis. The wonder suggested, by such analysis of natural phenomena, is not that forty per cent. of the insanity of the country should be directly or indirectly produced by one lethal agent alone, but that so low a figure should indicate all the truth.

DR. RICHARDSON.

Record of Christian Charities.

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY WEEK.

PERHAPS some of our readers remember the Children's Country Week. The aim of this beautiful charity is to gather the poor children of the city from stifling courts and alleys, and send them to the country for a week or more. Farmers' families and others co-operate in the good work, and receive the little ones into their own homes.

The managers report this year increased interest in the work, with better facilities for carrying it on. More country families have offered their hospitalities; many who cannot afford to receive guests gratuitously ask only a nominal board to pay current expenses. To this last purpose is applied much of the money contributed by friends, chiefly through the newspapers. Railroads offer free passes and reduced rates. Through the Country Week, many needy children have found

good homes, or have gained a new interest in living and improving their surroundings.

In regard to the children sent, the managers' report states that care is taken to have them well-behaved. If they give their entertainers any trouble, they are not sent a second time. They are required, also, to be free from contagious disease, and neatly and cleanly clad. Most of them are the children of respectable parents, who require little aid, under ordinary circumstances. The managers make it their special care not to lower the self-respect of their beneficiaries. Occasionally sick and poor adults are aided, such as overworked seamstresses, factory-girls and invalid women with small children, who could obtain needed rest and fresh air in no other way.

It is the intention of the society during the present summer to make use of their increased facilities by reaching and benefiting a still larger number of children and others. What they have done, much as it is, is still little compared with what

they desire to accomplish. So, they still have need for every possible help. Who will give it?

Address all communications to the Children's Country Week Association, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following, which we copy from the *Philadelphia Press* of July 27th, will give a good idea of the practical workings of this charity:

Parties of children—sometimes a hundred in number—are sent into the country four or five times a week, under the chaperonage of a volunteer officer of the Country Week Association, who delivers them in small lots at the local stations along the line. These delegations might be mistaken for a Sunday-school picnic party if it were not for the little tickets dangling from their necks. The ticket bears on one side the name of the Association and its address, 1112 Girard Street, and on the other the name of the child and the residence of its parents. Many of the little excursionists are not able to read, and all of them regard their ticket of identification as a sort of passport to the country, as well as a badge of honor, a railroad pass, and a title to many other distinctions, which they are perfectly ready to take as they come.

Last week a party of a hundred started for the green fields of Maryland in a special car attached to a local train for Baltimore. There was a little girl in the party whose tow-head and bright blue eyes attracted general attention. There were many interrogations concerning her parentage. An elderly gentleman, whose face beamed with expectation, asked if she was to give away. The attendant looked at the ticket worn by the little beauty, and said, positively, she was neither to be given away or for sale. These placards admit of no doubt in the child's own mind as to her real home.

All the railroads entering Philadelphia have made special rates for the poor children's excursions. The young ones are selected in every ward of the city by the Woman's Branch of the Ward Charitable Association and the names sent in to the office of the association on Girard Street. It may be said at the outset that among sixty workers in the Country Week Organization, only one receives any compensation for the trying duties of the office. In this way, out of three thousand three hundred and ninety dollars gross receipts last year from private contributions, more than two thousand six hundred dollars were expended in boarding children in the country and nearly seven hundred dollars more in railroad fares, leaving a very small margin for the incidental expenses of the association. Permanent homes were found for twenty-one children whose parents could not provide for them in the city, but the original purpose of the association is to enable poor children and invalid adults of the city to spend a part of the warm months in the country. Thirteen hundred and seventy-eight persons were sent out of the city for this purpose. Of these one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven were children and one hundred and forty were adults, including thirty-nine mothers with infants. The average length of the visits was nine days, not including several which continued during the whole summer. The average cost per person was two dollars per week, including all the expenses of the association and the reduction from regular fares allowed by the railroads.

The applications for the benefits of the association are made by urchins of five and women of seventy. The boy in rags asks for a "ticket for the country," and intimates that he is ready to be packed off by the next train. An aged woman asked to be allowed to sit on a porch in the country and make carpet-rags, as she had done before she was married. Her life in the city had been one of misery and poverty. An Irish woman who was asked by the association to spend two weeks in the country at its expense refused for the reason that her husband would not be sent, too, and she did not dare to leave him alone in the great city. Ellen M. was refused the benefit of the association "because she looked too healthy." The case is so entered in the inspector's book. Kate was refused because she was careless about getting ready. There are, however, few such cases, although one of the farmers who board the little excursionists applied last year for ten bad boys to keep for a week. He got them, but he has not since asked for any more. Another urchin was accused by the officers of the association of "repeating." Many of them would like to keep it up all summer. Martha was asked to go, but she was dying, and some other little girl might take her place and find happiness in the country. Ellen said if the association would send her out of town she would be glad to sew for her board. Harry V. would not go unless his little sister were allowed to go with him. Here the seeds of charity did not fall in stony ground. The children returned to the country this summer in the same little frocks that were made for them by the farmer's wife a year ago. Mrs. L. wanted her baby to have fresh air, and she would pay twenty-five cents for its board. That was all she had. Flora, a little girl of thirteen, had been employed ten hours per day making artificial flowers, receiving one dollar per week for her work, and she had been poisoned by arsenic. The doctor said she might recover if she was sent soon to the country. The little orphan is well and happy in an adopted home. Such are the stories of the unfortunate-born children whose year of toil is lightened by a brief respite in the country. Their suffering is made the daily study of many good women, whose lives are filled with generous deeds and kindly acts.

THE SANITARIUM AT POINT AIRY.

A REPORTER of the *Philadelphia Press* gives the following sketch of a visit to the Sanitarium at Point Airy, on Windmill Island, where poor women can get fresh air, good food and medical care for their sick babies during the hot summer weather. Here is a charity which touches the sympathies and appeals to the heart of every true man and woman:

"At eleven o'clock this morning the Pine Street Pier, River Delaware, was crowded with women and children, waiting for the arrival of the boat to carry them to Point Airy, Windmill Island. The reporter found himself, on arriving at that place, in the midst of eight hundred women and children, by far the greater part of whom were children under ten years of age. They were all poor, and their dirty clothing, unwashed faces and unkempt hair

told plainly that they belonged to the class of people whom poverty had severely smitten.

"All were in search of pure air to bring color to the blanched cheeks of their little ones, who were suffering from the heat and foul odors prevalent in the alleys of the city. 'Your baby is sick,' was said to a tired mother who was trying to hush to sleep a child that looked more dead than alive.

"Yes," she replied, 'I took him to the 'spensary doctor, and he sent me here with him. He said it 'twas the heat that ailed baby, and I guess it's so, for he just cries all the time since the hot spell begun.'

"That's the matter with 'em all,' chimed in a mother near by. 'My baby was just as bad as hern, and the 'spensary doctor gave me a ticket to come here. This makes four times I've been here this summer, and it just braces baby right up. It's a first-rate place for sick children, I know.'

"But the mothers who go there quite overlook one of the causes that help their children as much as the fresh air does—namely, the enforced cleanliness. The matron, Mrs. Mary Harmer, remarked to the newspaper man that not one person in ten who brings children to the Sanitarium knows how to take care of them. 'It would make the heart of any living mother ache to see the treatment the babies receive from their parents,' she said. 'They come to us in dirty clothing and dirty bodies that perhaps have not seen water in a week; and it is

no wonder that they soon get sick from such treatment. We always make them wash the babies, and if they have not clean clothing to put on, we give them garments from our wardrobe.'

"The matron then took the reporter through the hospital ward of the building, in which seven beds and eleven cribs are situated. These are provided for cases that require careful nursing, and a mother is allowed to stay with her child until it is well, which usually requires a week or ten days.

"Officer Keyser, of the police force, has been stationed at the island since the Sanitarium was opened, in 1877. He stated that the attendance, so far this year, had exceeded any year since the opening, numbering 17,936. The largest attendance is on Mondays, 1,090 visiting the place last Monday.

"At noon a cup of strong soup, with crackers, is given to each person on the grounds, and in the afternoon crackers and milk are given to the children and bread and tea to the women. The managers of the Sanitarium feel gratified at the success that has thus far attended their efforts to provide for poor, sick children; but any contributions that will enable them to further prosecute their work will be thankfully received. Money may be sent to Daniel Baugh, President, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue; W. B. Atkinson, Vice-President, No. 1400 Pine Street, or Eugene Wiley, M. D., Secretary and Treasurer, No. 330 Reed Street."

Art at Home.

THOSE of our readers who have made rag-curtains, after directions taken from *The Art-Interchange*, will be interested in reading what a correspondent of that paper has to say about home-made rugs:

"Low down in the scale of art industries, and lower down still in decorative art, may be the making of rugs for every-day use—rugs that you can put your feet on as much as you like, and that will be none the worse for wear in a long time. But it is not beneath the mind of a true artistic bent to strive to unite the useful with the beautiful, even in such homely work; and the study of the blending of colors which is necessary to success in making it, in its way, real art work, is a useful discipline of the eye, especially for children. This article is intended for those of thrifty inclinations, who copy nature, the great artist as well as practical worker. Let no useful odds and ends go to waste. Many such in the country, and perhaps some few in the city, regularly separate the woolen from the cotton odds and ends in the waste-bag, and know what use to put both kinds to; yet there are many others who are puzzled as to what to do with the bright kaleidoscopic bits and short strips of woolen stuff. A way of making rugs of bright woolen pieces of not over an inch in length is known. I do not propose to speak here of such minute work, but of the simplest and easiest way of making a rug which shall be artistic enough to put in the family sitting-room. Prepare your materials as for an old-fashioned rag-carpet. First get out your scraps—there must not be a cotton scrap among them when working. If you have

quite a number of different colors, sort each color into a pile by itself, then cut them into strips not less than half an inch wide; tack these strips together with strong thread, black or colored, joining each strip to the next one with not less than three stitches. Wind each color into a ball by itself. You should have as much black as all the other colors put together, if you can manage it. If, however, you have a great many little strips of four or five inches in length, in a confused mass, and do not care to sort them out, you can tack them together just as they come, without any mental effort, and your rug, when done, will present a *melange* of bright colors.

"Now, you want a pair of coarse wooden knitting-needles, such as are used for shawls, etc., and before beginning you must determine whether you will make a round or an oblong rug. A round rug presents fewer opportunities for artistic combination, and does not repay you so well in appearance when finished; but it is convenient for knitting up the little bits in the kaleidoscopic coloring to which I have before alluded, and is nice as an essay for young beginners. For this you need cast on but three, or at most, four stitches, knitting one way all the time, and not backwards and forwards, as for stockings. The labor is not in the knitting, but in the cutting and piecing of your scraps. The knitting progresses in a rapid manner, very gratifying to the impatience of one not experienced in art work; and you can knit up in an hour or so a ball as big as your head that will have taken you five or six times as long to get together. For your square rug it is better to have your balls of differ-

ent colors, and it is a great advantage to have at least one-third of it in yellow, of different shades, if you like. The oblong rugs must be knit in strips. Eight stitches make a strip about as bulky as most people care to work on. You can arrange your colors in squares in each strip; in which case you must provide against two squares of the same color coming together when the strips are joined. Black and yellow are useful in dividing such colors as would 'swear' at each other. But your design, whatever it be, must have some system in it; and the different colors must come in at regular intervals unless you chose to knit in the indiscriminate way recommended for round rugs. Again, you can knit a set of strips of one color, separating them with strips of black and yellow. The strips, when you have a sufficient number of them to form the rug, are sewed together with carpet thread. You can then add a border to harmonize, made by knitting a strip long enough to go around the rug, which is sewed to it in the same manner that the strips were joined. But

whether you have a border or not, it should be finished with a fringe. One made of the same material and colors harmonizes best. Join your strips of cloth for this as you did for knitting the strips. Get a smooth stick, one like those inserted in the lower end of window shades is good; wrap the material rather loosely around the stick and secure it in shape by sewing with carpet thread doubled; slide it off the stick and sew it to the edge of your rug.

"This work is rapid, simple and very effective. Neither the eyes nor the fingers are much taxed, and the whole secret of producing a successful rug is either the skillful blending or contrasting of colors. There is scope also for ingenuity in devising the intervals of color. It is just the sort of work for a mother to set her little girls at to give them their first lessons in arranging, contrasting, harmonizing and blending of tints, and also to teach them the necessity of system and regularity in designing patterns, even those that seem to have no system and no regularity."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

OF late we have had to remark that Dame Fashion moves slowly and gives liberally.

Very few novelties appear for late summer and early fall; but the old favorite styles remain in vogue and number. We notice, as before, a bewildering array of straight-backed, narrow skirts, with sashes; few scanty ruffles, and rows of tucks around the hems of dresses, whether of wash-goods or not; kilted peplums, either sewed to the bottoms of pleated waists or attached to a separate belt; round, gathered waists; heavy sashes caught in points with pendants or tassels; full puffs at the tops of sleeves; large bows made of soft silks of several colors, and multitudinous shirrings and puffings. A costume may be made most elaborately, and of two or three materials; or plainly, even to an extreme; a hat or bonnet may be large or small, loaded with flowers and feathers, or decorated with a simple ribbon, and, in any case, the wearer will be fashionable.

Of course there are some noticeable peculiarities. Costumes of dark linen or of black alpaca are never seen; and, for some strange reason, while almost every other shade or color is liked, steel blue is at present out of favor. Colors and their combinations are bright and odd; three combinations now admired are plum with blue, grass green with daffodil yellow and mahogany red with mustard yellow. Old gold is less worn than formerly, and gold-thread ribbon and lace are now considered rather heavy.

Parasols are variously decorated with bright feathers, flowers, ribbons, embroidery or hand-painting. They are still large. The gayer ones divide favor with Japanese and plain sun-umbrellas.

A pretty, youthful fashion, adding much even to a plain dress, is a floral belt, with a silk pocket suspended—this, too, often decorated with flowers. Thus, with a simple white dress for a lawn-party,

a young lady might wear a belt made of a wreath of scarlet poppies, with a scarlet silk bag; or a belt of daisies, with a white velvet pocket adorned with a bunch of the same flowers. Huge bouquets on the left side, at the waist, seem destined to become permanent institutions.

Mitts of black, white or colored silks, or Lisle-thread gloves are worn ordinarily, while tan-colored, undressed kids take the lead with all costumes for extra occasions.

Next to white dresses, none are so much liked as those plainly made of dark flannel. These are worn for shopping, visiting, walking, yatching, driving, picnicking—in short, everywhere. Of course, for elaborate toilets, dresses of dainty lawn, flowered saten and embroidered muslin, may be as elegantly made and trimmed as one desires.

Among the new models for heavier costumes may be noticed a suit consisting of long basque and trimmed skirt, the groundwork being a striped silk or woolen fabric, the drapery brocade; also a polonoise of damassè, over a black satin skirt, completed by a narrow box-quilling of the damassè; a cashmere polonoise, open in front, drawn high on the side, and trimmed all around with a broad band of embossed velvet; several independent brocade basques, black or colored, to be worn with plain skirts; familiar-looking mantillas, trimmed with ruches of lace, satin bows and loops, and masses of shirring; round capes—in short, exactly what one has already seen, both last spring and fall.

A black velvet skirt is a very useful, economical possession, as it may form the foundation of half a dozen costumes, summer or winter. Over it may be worn cambric or lawn, as well as flannel or silk—and it always looks rich and beautiful.

Fancy aprons, for work, ornament or tennis, are now made of pongee, embroidered in crewels, with floral designs, sometimes with the addition of an appropriate motto.

Notes and Comments.

Drowning.

IN view of the many deaths annually caused by drowning, perhaps it would be well for every one to diffuse all the preventive knowledge that we have on the subject. At present we wish to call attention to a few facts.

Of course, one who can swim is reasonably safe. So, it would seem, that every child, boy or girl, should be taught to swim. Lessons may be taken in a safe, shallow pond or stream, in the ocean or a natatorium. The time will come when it will not be, as now, that some risk their lives in almost every boat-load.

Much might be added regarding the healthful exercise of swimming—the development which it gives to the chest and muscles, the free circulation of the blood which it promotes, and so forth. But just now it will be enough to consider it as actually adding to the safety of human life.

Next, it should be widely known that the human body cannot sink so readily as some suppose. Nearly its entire weight is buoyed up by the water, so that it needs very little extra support. Those who know say that in every steamboat disaster, the unnecessary waste of life is frightful. Many are drowned only a few feet from shore, simply because they lose all presence of mind. Now, as a matter of fact, there is always enough loose wood about a boat to support twice as many passengers as it generally carries. One chair will sustain the weight of two persons in the water for a long time. Settees make excellent rafts. When a small boat is capsized no one need be drowned if he cling to its sides. The mistake people make is trying to get on a floating piece of timber, whereas, all they need is a few pounds of wood upon which to rest their hands.

Steamboats are well provided with life-preservers—but many do not know how to use them, and do not try. It is all very simple. A life preserver is a wide belt made of blocks of cork covered with canvas, and provided with tape-straps to pass over the arms and tape-loops to tie around the waist. One can be adjusted in two seconds. Steamboats are also provided with rafts, which are more secure than small boats.

Many teach themselves to swim by the use of floats of various kinds, gradually accustoming themselves to the water. We have heard of swimming-belts and collars, made of cork, but know nothing certain of their value.

Right here it might be proper to say a few words respecting foolhardiness. Good swimmers often purposely venture out beyond their depth—they have none but themselves to blame if they are overtaken with cramp and drowned. Besides, they encourage those not so skillful as themselves to run into needless danger. No, the wise keep their strength until there is some real occasion for its use. The proficient had better employ themselves by exercising a supervision over the unskillful, and it should be emphasized that swimming ought to be practiced only in companies for the security of all.

But, if after all precautions, one should be drowned, do not at once lose hope that it may be only a case of suspended animation. Persons

have been restored after lying more than half an hour under water. The directions generally given in such a case are, Raise the body gently so that the water will run out of the mouth and nose, then lay it down, pull out the tongue, and free the mouth and nose from all accumulations. Next practice artificial respiration by moving the chest and stomach, drawing the arms above the head and dropping them, and breathing into the lungs. The person should be kept as warm as possible, with hot irons, bottles of hot water and heated flannels, while the limbs should be repeatedly chafed. It is well to find shelter immediately, but no time should be lost on this account. Means of restoration should be gentle—it is a wrong practice to roll an unconscious person in a barrel or hold him up by the heels. The effort should be persevered in for a long time, and commenced at once, without waiting for the arrival of the doctor. In some communities the impression prevails that a (supposed) dead person cannot be moved from the place of death before the coroner comes. This is not true; many lives, no doubt, have been wantonly sacrificed on account of this ignorant idea. The writer knows of, at least, three instances in which drowned men were permitted to lie at the water's edge for hours—once, more than a day—without the slightest effort being made for their restoration.

To diminish the death-rate by drowning, then, let every one learn to swim—to keep his presence of mind and common sense—and, if need be, intelligently try to save those taken from the water unconscious.

"The Forbidden Book."

PASSAGES and incidents in the history of Belgium under the House of Burgundy, and under Spanish and Austrian rule, have supplied interesting subjects of which the modern school of Belgian artists have availed themselves. One of these, M. Karel Ooms, has a charming picture in the Brussels Museum, which forms the subject of our frontispiece. It is a simple and striking story, told with much taste and feeling. Father and daughter have been reading together the book which an edict of the king has strictly forbidden, and which is being diligently sought for in order that every copy may be destroyed. To be found in possession of it is certain ruin, besides the loss of the book so highly valued, and which once given up cannot be replaced.

As they pore reverently over its pages, their study is interrupted by sounds announcing that their dwelling has been entered, and that in a few seconds a great crisis in their lives may burst upon them. The father, one of the Reformed pastors, as his Genevese gown denotes, knows by experience the fate that awaits him and his innocent young daughter if detected in their present employment, and he instinctively turns round with apprehension toward the door, yet with a firm resolve not to flinch from any sacrifice which duty may command. Many of his friends have paid the penalty of a firm adherence to the new faith, and he will be worthy of them. His daughter, terrified, lays one hand on her father's shoulder, as if to restrain

him from exposing himself to unnecessary danger, while with the other she seizes hold of the sacred volume to remove it in all haste to its hiding-place.

This is no fancy sketch; it is what was constantly happening, compelling thousands to take refuge in exile. A hole in the wall, carefully concealed by the picture of some saint hung before it, was very often the receptacle for the one Bible, the common property of a whole village, handed about with the greatest secrecy from one to another. In pulling down old houses in recent days, fragments of a Bible fallen to decay have more than once come to light in villages on the borders of France where Protestantism was never totally stamped out.

Publishers' Department.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

The following letter appeared in a recent number (June 4th) of *Food and Health*, a scientific and Practical Review, published in New York. As will be seen by the signature, it is from a gifted and well-known correspondent of the HOME MAGAZINE:

"Dundee, Kane Co., Ill., May, 1881.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'FOOD AND HEALTH':

"In a stray issue of your valuable magazine, I notice a kindly comment on 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. As circumstances have thrown in my path an extended knowledge of this reliable agent, it may be pardonable to present to your readers a few facts relative to its object and result.

"It is not always easy to discriminate between the false and true, as humbugs and impostors abound in every calling, and in none more than among physicians and remedies for disease.

"The earnestness with which you have espoused truth and set yourself not only to expose fallacies and fraud, but to show forth 'a more excellent way,' will give weight to all that is allowed within your columns. Many a sufferer, worn out with nostrums, reaching out in despair for help in some more scientific and rational way, unable or loth to leave their homes to obtain it, would gladly embrace this home treatment could they be assured by sincere and honest testimony of its worth. To such I would speak words of encouragement and hope. 'Compound Oxygen' is the result of years of careful investigation and experiment, originally prepared in behalf of personal suffering, and ultimately extended to suffering humanity. The present manufacturers are physicians of reliable character and ability, possessed of such benevolent spirit and kindly natures, that the world is enriched by their existence. The treatment is by inhalation, and acts upon the whole system through the blood, purifying, invigorating, resting and expelling disease.

"I have known many brought up by a gradual process from a hopeless condition to the joys of active life, and know, by intimate acquaintance and investigation, that the statements published in *Health and Life*, and the treatise on Compound Oxygen by Drs. Starkey & Palen, to be true in every particular.

"It gives me pleasure, through the columns of

Food and Health, to attest the honor and truthfulness of these gentlemen, and to recommend to all suffering ones this beneficent aid to health.

"If it would be a matter of interest to any to receive a fuller statement of the nature and action of this remedy, I should be happy to give a more extended account, or answer private inquiries.

"Yours, for the common cause,

"HELEN C. S. THOMPSON."

Drs. Starkey & Palen (see their advertisement on fourth cover page of magazine) send their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" free to all who wish to receive it.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

This "City by the Sea" has become one of the largest and most popular watering places upon the New Jersey coast, and to reach it a popular route, of which thousands will avail themselves, is the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, especially as the excursion rates have been reduced and additional facilities arranged. In order to accommodate the heavy holiday travel over this celebrated and reliable route, the Camden and Atlantic have added new and fast trains, starting at convenient hours. On Saturday and Monday the trains will leave Vine and Shackamaxon Streets wharves as follows: The excursion train, in three or four sections, beginning at 6.30 A. M., the accommodation at 8 A. M., morning express at 9.30 A. M., and three afternoon express trains at 2.30, 4.00 and 4.45 P. M., in addition to an afternoon accommodation at 4.15 P. M. These arrangements will obviously be satisfactory, and the improved equipment, straight tracks and increased speed are to be enjoyed as an incidental feature of safety and comfort. On Sunday morning, the 3d, trains will leave from the above-named ferries as follows: The excursion trains at 6.30 A. M., express at 7.30, accommodation at 8, and express at 9 A. M. The fare on the excursion trains, which are exceedingly comfortable and pleasant, is but one dollar for the trip to go and return on the one day; and on the other trains only one dollar and fifty cents for the round trip, good for ten days. For the return from Atlantic City, the arrangement is equally convenient. On week days the last express train on this road starts from Atlantic City at 5.40 P. M., and the regular excursion trains at 6.05 P. M., and on Sundays an express train leaves as late as 7.32 P. M., affording a prolonged stay at the sea-shore. The Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company now have three new, commodious and well-equipped iron steam ferry-boats on the Delaware, thus assuring a safe and pleasant transit to and from the trains at this end. The preparations of the company for their holiday patrons cannot but result in a large and continuous business.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

SPECIAL attention is called to the advertisement of "Silver Jewelry" in this number. The jewelry is of the best quality, and the designs handsome. The name and monogram lace pins are very attractive. Mr. Lehman is thoroughly reliable, and any one ordering his goods are guaranteed satisfaction.



Centuries of Triumph

Over Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Bowel Complaints, and various febrile and nervous disorders, has immortalized the Seltzer Spa, and these victories are now repeated throughout the world by

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, containing all the elements and producing all the happy results of the Great German Spring. Thirty to forty doses Sparkling Aperient to each bottle.

GRAEFENBERG

An infallible remedy for all **FEMALE COMPLAINTS** price \$1.50 per bottle. **CURES WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL DEBILITY.** This remarkable preparation is the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of woman. Sold by Druggists.

GRAEFENBERG CO., 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

CATHOLICON.



PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Imperfections and Discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed skin, it is the best thing in the world. **TILLY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap**, 8 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine

Co. Prep's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

\$55.66 Agents profit per week. Will prove it or forfeit **\$500.00.** Outfit and Samples, worth \$5.00, free. Address **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.**

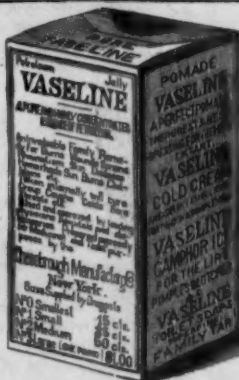
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WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cts. Circulars FREE. J. R. FROTH & CO., 55 Day St., N. Y.

40 Gilt-Edge & Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Book of Samples, 25c. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.

The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170, and his other styles. **SOLD by ALL DEALERS throughout the WORLD.**



UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities excel everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin clearer, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

POMADE VASELINE.—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. **25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00**
VASELINE COLD CREAM.—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., &c., &c. **25 AND 50 CENTS.**
VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE.—FOR PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, &c., **25 CENTS.**
VASELINE TOILET SOAP.—EMOLLIENT, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAPS).

Colgate & Co. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

RAPIDLY EXTENDING USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN.

The growth of our Treatment during the last two or three years, and the results which have attended its administration, are of the most remarkable character.

The causes which have produced this growth are natural and legitimate, and are mainly dependent on the testimony and indorsement, in their immediate neighborhoods, of persons who have been relieved of distressing chronic ailments. These persons become warm advocates of Compound Oxygen, and speak of it to friends and neighbors. Sufferers from diseases, which no medical treatment had been able to reach, seeing what has been done in other cases, naturally enough take heart and hope again, and make another effort to recover the lost blessing of health. If relief comes to them, as in four out of every five cases it certainly will, they, in turn, become advocates of the new cure; and so the fame of its wonder-working power is continually extending, and in constantly widening circles.

These causes of growth are, as we have said, natural and legitimate, because based on the actual results of our Treatment, and the voluntary testimony of living witnesses. So long as these efficient causes are active, the growth must continue, and the use of the Oxygen cure go on extending, until its beneficial influence, in the relief of suffering and cure of disease, reaches to every city, town and neighborhood in the land.

INDIGESTION AND CATARRH.

A gentleman at Stony Creek, Conn., makes the following very satisfactory report. He had been suffering, for over two years, with Indigestion and Catarrh, besides other serious troubles, gradually growing worse and losing flesh, though in the hands of his physician, and under treatment. In three months he was so far cured of these diseases, that he saw no further necessity for continuing to use the Oxygen:

"It is now nearly three months since I began taking your Compound Oxygen Treatment. You may remember I suffered from Indigestion and Catarrh, for two years or more. For the last year quite annoying at times. Had little appetite; suffered from debility—no inclination for food or exercise; weight reduced from 165 to 155 during that time (two years). I took Calisaya and Acid Phosphate and powders from our doctor, with no improvement. For two months before ordering the Oxygen, nothing was relished. My stomach did not crave anything. I ate but little, and that only to live. *Within a week from first inhaling the Compound, there was a decided improvement, and now I can call myself nearly well.* I enjoy eating anything, and only occasionally am reminded by any dyspeptic feeling, that I have such an organ as a stomach. I can say that I am virtually cured; am almost free from Dyspepsia. I can say the same about the Catarrh, which I have had two or three years, but not particularly annoying till this past winter, when, on retiring and before rising in the morning, as well as at times during the day or evening, I would have the usual discharge from the nostrils, and a bad breath, which I no longer have, and I seldom have any nasal discharge; in fact, I can say *I am nearly free from the Catarrh.* I have discovered (unless much mistaken) that the Compound has renovated or purified my blood. Last summer, my blood seemed thick and quite dark. When I would cut or break the skin on my hands, I noticed the blood was very dark, and a bystander

remarked that my blood looked apoplectic. Now it is a bright red; what that signifies, I leave to you to say.

"So far as Dyspepsia and Catarrh troubles me now, I do not see any necessity for ordering a fresh supply of Compound Oxygen; but, hoping it may yet have a good effect on my bladder trouble, and believing it tends to purify the blood, and prevent, as well as cure, various complaints, I regard it as a good thing to have 'around the house,' and accordingly request you to send another bottle of Compound Oxygen, blue bottle, and two bottles of Oxygenaua."

Writing to us, under date of 23d May, 1881, a month later, our patient more than confirms the preceding good report:

"I consider myself entirely free from Indigestion, or Dyspepsia; appetite good; eat almost anything. Catarrh nearly cured—troubles me but little. Both complaints have been unwelcome companions for about three years, during which time I have taken various remedies, without any benefit from their use."

In closing this letter, he says:

"To sum up, I am better than I have been for any time in more than a year. There is so much medicine taken, and so much done by the faculty that does no good, but much damage, that it is very gratifying to get hold of one remedy that 'touches the spot.' I consider this the cheapest remedy I ever used, for the simple reason that it does all, and more than I dared expect."

"I TELL THEM OF YOUR WONDERFUL REMEDY."

A patient in New Canton, Ill., says:

"Permit me to add my testimony to that of others, as to the value of your Compound Oxygen Home Treatment. I can cheerfully say that it is helping me. *I was feeling so well, that I was indiscreet enough to go to evening services at church, and the night being damp and cool, I caught a severe cold, which caused me to feel worse; but by faithfully using the Oxygen, I am happy to say I am improving rapidly. When I go out walking and meet my friends, they all remark at my changed appearance, and ask the cause of such a remarkable change, and I tell them of your wonderful remedy.*"

COMPOUND OXYGEN IN A CASE OF BILIOUS REMITTENT FEVER.

One of our patients, who has used the Compound Oxygen for a chronic disease, and with beneficial results, writes:

"A few weeks ago I was threatened with a severe attack of 'Bilious Remittent Fever.' Took no medicine of any kind, but thought I would see what the Oxygen would do. Used it regularly twice a day, and in one week's time all symptoms of the fever were gone, my appetite restored and I felt almost well. Quite a number of my friends have been watching its effects in my case, and have been agreeably surprised at its beneficial effects."

A HAPPY PATIENT.

A patient, who had been a sufferer from Asthma, writes, after four weeks' use of Compound Oxygen: "Am feeling almost as well as I ever did in my life. What a delight it is to breathe the pure air with strengthened respiration, and to walk about where I wish to go with a body strengthened for the task! What a joy to tread the courts of my God, and to sing His praise with a voice stronger and softer than in my best days!"

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

C. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
C. E. PALEN, Ph.D., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St., (Between Chestnut & Market) Phila., Pa.